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JULY 18, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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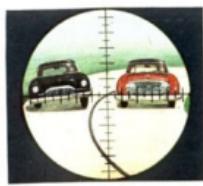
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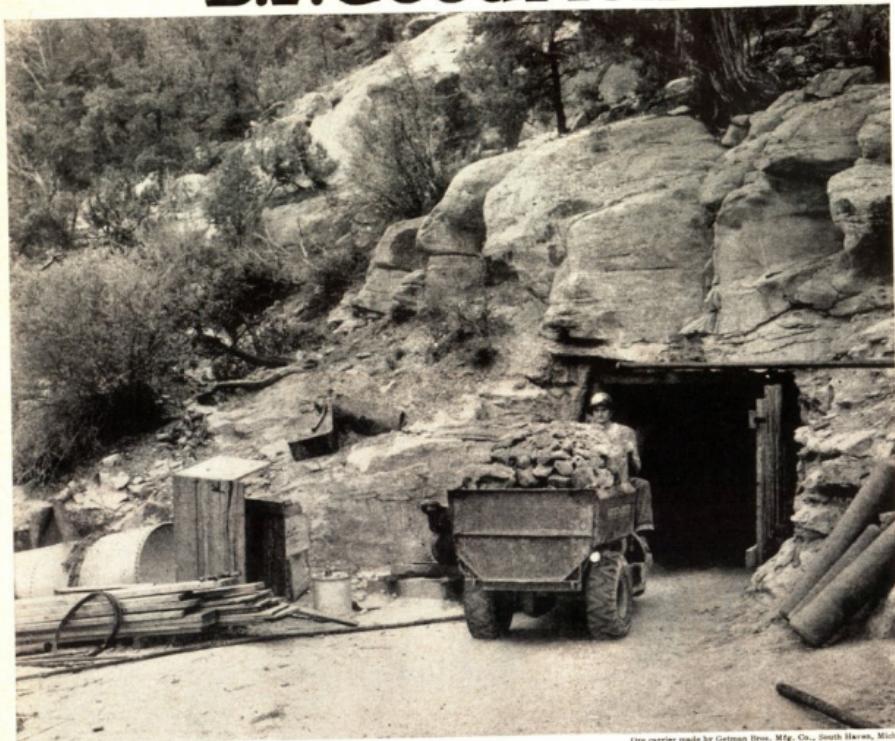
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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

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OUT of that hole comes the power-ful stuff that will make atomic fuel. Climbing up the narrow, twisting tunnels of the uranium mine are trucks so small and compact that there's no room for clutch and gears. Instead they use V belts to run them. But for a while this type of truck wasn't practical because the belts kept breaking. They sometimes lasted only a few days.

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Lamson's new suburban store, Toledo, Ohio.
Architects: Weinberg and Teare, Cleveland, Ohio.

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LETTERS

World on Trial

Sir:

I enjoyed and was instructed by your United Nations report [June 27] . . . One main trouble with the U.N. is that it is upside down; the Economic and Social Council ought to be on top and the Security Council on the bottom . . . Peace is not just security against aggression. If we could only obtain a more positive and dynamic vision of peace, we would be as excited about waging it as we now are fearful of war . . . It is the work of the Economic and Social Council that is the positive work for peace, and the work of the Security Council that is the negative . . .

REV. FRANCIS H. GLAZEBROOK JR.

Christ Church
Swansea, Mass.

Sir:

U.N. is not so much a world forum of individual countries that we reactionary isolationists object to as the sanctimonious, double-talking hypocrisy of one-world socialism in the U.N. . . .

J. J. MCMORMACK

Houston

Sir:

Your admirable and thorough article on the U.N. correctly states that it is not a super-state or a world federation, but how can you say that "The world is not yet ready, and may never be, for a world government"? All realists must agree that, until the U.N. becomes a limited world federation, world destruction will threaten us at every maneuver of international politics. Will we ever be more ready for world government than we are now?

WARREN J. KAHN

Jamaica, N.Y.

The Marilyke Look

Sir:

I . . . was enraged, though not particularly surprised, to read that some good Catholic fathers in the East have taken it upon themselves to dictate fashions for the American woman [June 27]. It does seem logical, however, that with that success their organization has had in the past in censoring our books, motion pictures and television programs, their next step would be to censor our fashions . . . If left unchecked, Father Kunkel could very well turn this whole big beautiful country of ours into a virtual nursery. Deliver me!

BETTY JUDY

Huntington Park, Calif.

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Sir:

As a Roman Catholic who intends remaining in the faith even if every Catholic including the Pope quits, I disapprove of Fathers Kunkel and Varga's Marilyke tag drive . . . A mother and daughter who believe in modesty do not have to read a tag on a dress to tell if it is modest.

JOHN D. HAIDINGER

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . A celibate's sales tax on pulchritude? A pacified Varga girl?

GEORGE P. TENNYSON JR.

Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Albany, Ga.

Indian & Saint

Sir:

Modernists who find Sculptor Carl Milles "wanting in imagination" are invited to view St. Paul's Indian God of Peace (see cut). Located in . . . City Hall is Milles' memorial statue in the form of an Indian God of Peace, dedicated to the war veterans of Ramsey County. As a group of Indians crouch about their council fire, smoking their pipe of peace, the smoke rising heavenward takes the form of an Indian God of Peace, the hand holding a peace pipe, the other extended in a gesture of friendliness . . .

JOSEPH E. DILLON
Mayor

St. Paul

Sir:

. . . Please permit me to join with you in saluting the great sculptor, Carl Milles, on his 80th birthday. As for your comments on my work, they are maliciously stupid, uncalled for, and certainly in poor taste. . .

ORONZIO MALDARELLI

Head of the Department of Sculpture
Columbia University
New York City

Sir:

Your story on Carl Milles . . . has been read with great interest in Kansas City, since the [large memorial group] of which you speak is expected here in October . . . It shows St. Martin of Tours sharing his cloak



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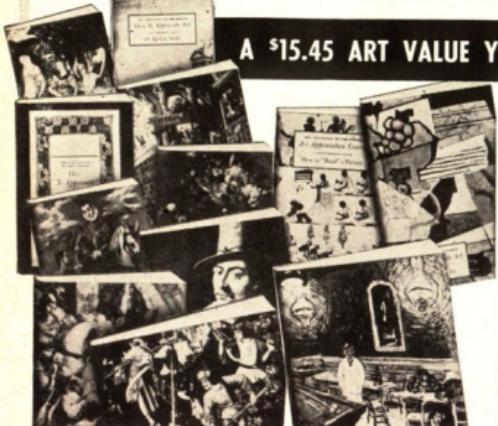
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Associate Prof. Art,
Queens College, N. Y.

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Jr., Metropolitan Mu-
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SIGMUND STERN

General Chairman

The William Volker Memorial Committee
Kansas City, Mo.

Ladies of Liberia

Sir:

The lady pictured in your July 4 issue with President Tubman of Liberia is Mrs. Sophia Dunbar Cooper, ex-wife of Liberia's



Griff Davis—Black Star
MRS. ANTOINETTE TUBMAN

Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce. We are enclosing a photo of Mrs. Tubman . . .

OTTO G. J. SCHALER
Public Relations Counsel
for the Embassy of Liberia

Washington, D.C.

¶ For a picture of Liberia's First Lady, see cut.—ED.

When Smoot Smote Smut

Sir:

Your June 27 story on Senator Kefauver's recent smutterings reminds me of Ogden Nash

*Senator Smoot (Republican Ut.)
Is planning a ban on smut . . .*

The name and party of the Senator are different in 1955 from what they were back then [1963-33], but the conclusion is still appropriate:

*Smile, Smoot,
Be rugged and rough
Smut, if smitten
Is front-page stuff.*

Upper Darby, Pa. JEANINE A. BLAIR

Top Marx

Sir:

Over the years you have been very good to me. Twice I've disfigured the cover of TIME—once with my brothers and once alone. In the June 27 issue you have betrayed me . . . You presented the ten top shows according to the latest Nielsen ratings. My name was among the missing. Strangely enough, on the American Research Bureau, first honors went to your correspondent. Why don't you print both ratings?

Los Angeles

GROUCHO MARX

Auto Credit Controls

Sir:

It is only natural, when installment credit in an industry amounts to \$11 billion, that

the representatives of the industry should take a keen interest in the overall economy . . . To imply . . . as TIME did in its July 4 issue, that the distributive element of the automobile industry seeking Government controls of credit is false and directly contrary to our approach to the problem.

Recently, the National Automobile Dealers Association called a conference in Washington that was attended by the top management of the principal lending agencies in the automotive industry. While this group did not recommend specific terms for automobile purchasers, they viewed with alarm the prevalence of new-car terms that extend beyond 30 months, and expressed concern over the trend toward down payments that are unrealistically low . . . At the same time the finance men who were present . . . stated that outstanding automobile installment credit, when related to overall personal income and the gross national product, is not out of line . . .

Far from asking Chairman Martin to take action that might lead to the reinstatement of credit controls, our position has been completely the reverse . . .

FREDERICK J. BELL
Executive Vice President

National Automobile Dealers Assn.
Washington, D.C.

¶ TIME misunderstood Admiral Bell's reference to credit controls, is glad to set the record straight.—ED.

Mixed Feelings

Sir:

I have read "The Quality of Citizenship" in the June 27 issue . . . I felt no sorrow over the Chinese sailor losing his white wife whose marriage was annulled, but I was astonished to see the verdict of Justice Buchanan of the Virginia Supreme Court: ". . . the state . . . will preserve the racial integrity . . . not have a mongrel breed . . . prevent the obliteration of racial pride" . . . as against such American national slogans as "equality," "land of freedom," etc. I am proud of my race . . .

LIANG-SHEN LEE

Hanover, Ind.

Big Ben

Sir:

I should think that Bantam Ben Hogan would rather have that picture, in defeat, and your beautifully written June 27 tribute to his character and sportsmanship, than to have won his fifth U.S. Open title.

E. D. TOLAND

Concord, N.H.

What's in a Name? (Contd.)

Sir:

Congratulations on your June 13 book review of Calvin Hoffman's tale regarding Shakespeare. Seldom has a more ridiculous manuscript found its way into print . . . Mr. Hoffman has no qualms about freely interpreting what went on in the minds of men now dead 350 years, so I am claiming the privilege: I believe Shakespeare looked into the future and foresaw that he would be attacked by certain "scholars" and gave his own opinion in Act V, Scene 5 of *Macbeth*:

*It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.*

LEROY BEESON

Spokane

Sir:

Mr. Hoffman's theory is fresh and fascinating. It will promote me to study English literature more ardently and steadily.

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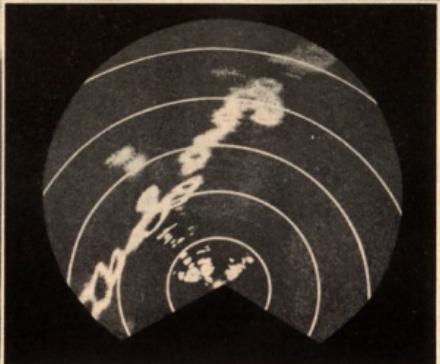
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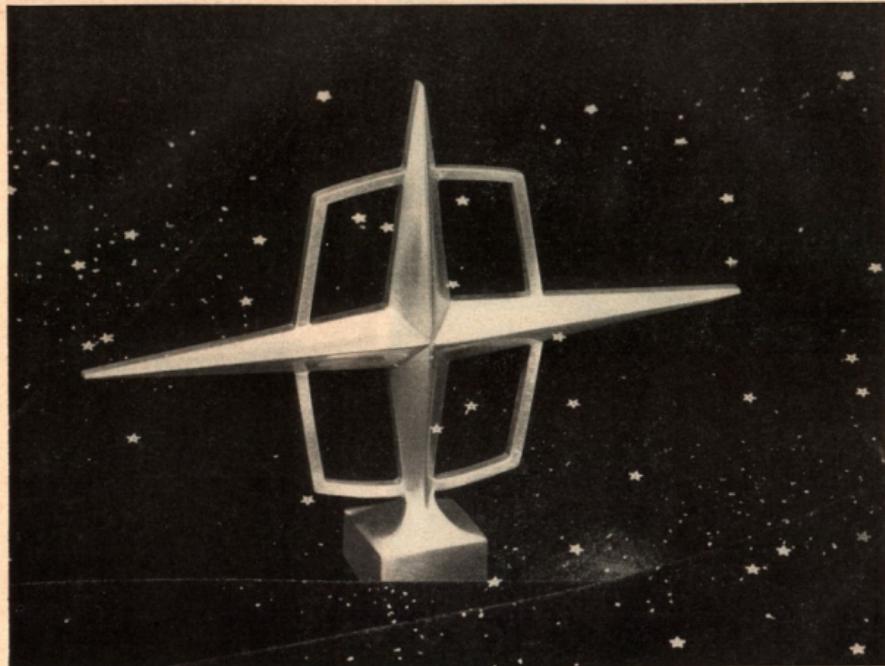
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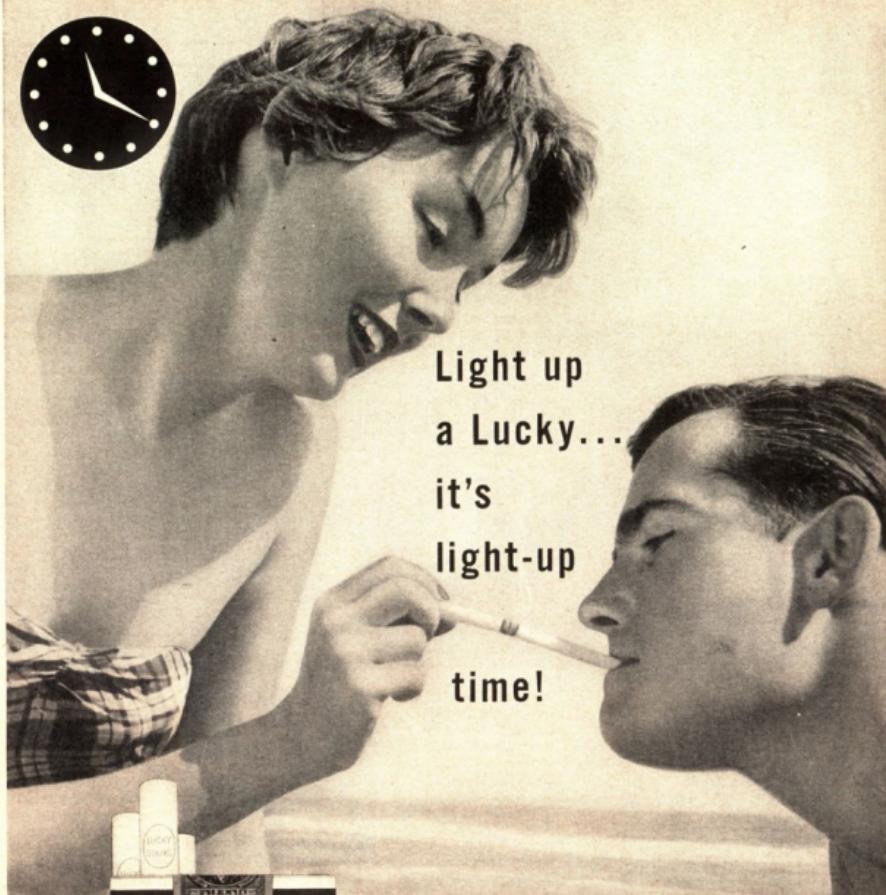
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Prelude to the Parley

In the base camps of the Big Four, a panoply of potentates and elected chieftains made ready for the fateful journey. All last week they were busy briefing their delegations, battening down their philosophies, packing planeloads of equipment for the Parley at the Summit.

Into the Swiss lakeside city of Geneva (pop. 150,000) the U.S. will move more than ten truckloads of documents, including at-a-glance codifications of every treaty the U.S. has signed since the war. With the papers will go a battery of newfangled devices of diplomacy, e.g., the "electronic collating table," a twelve-foot Lazy Susan that speeds the putting-together of documents when they are needed in a hurry. Explained one Foreign Service officer: "You have to be prepared for anything."

Across the Atlantic to the parley will fly some 150 delegates from the U.S.: President Eisenhower (in the *Columbine* late this week), Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, such European specialists as the State Department's Livingston Merchant and Douglas MacArthur II (nephew of the general), such "unofficial delegates" as Presidential Advisers Harold Stassen and Nelson Rockefeller, backstopped by Filipino messboys from the White House. From the Bonn and Paris embassies, the U.S. delegation will borrow about 100 hands: stenographers and switchboard operators, code clerks and receptionists, chauffeurs and cooks. One unlisted member of the U.S. delegation will be White House Stenographer Jack Romagna, one of the fastest shorthand-writers in the world, who took notes outside F.D.R.'s bedroom during the frantic U.S. Cabinet meeting in the first crowded hours after Pearl Harbor.

No Barbed Wire. While preparations in the U.S. went on calmly, there was hurry and confusion in Geneva. U.N. staffers scurried out of the first and second floors of the 20-year-old Palais des

Nations to make way for the carpenters of the Big Four. Technicians uncoiled miles of signal wire, installed cable heads and rigged the automatic elevators so that no unauthorized person could step off at the Parley at the Summit.

The advance guards of the 700 delegates and 1,200 newspapermen were

room *Château du Creux de Genthod* because "we could hardly refuse to offer it to the President."

There was an air of concord throughout Geneva: experienced old Police Chief Charles Knecht (who has shaken the hands of a long line of grey statesmen who failed to make peace in his city) decided that around the lakeside villas of the Big Four "barbed wire will not be necessary."

No Impending Collapse. As they made their preparations, the statesmen publicly pondered what they would talk about on the summit, and why they were going at all. "Equal to equal" was the way Russia's Boss Khrushchev described the climate of the summit. "We are not going to Geneva with broken legs" (see FOREIGN NEWS). At his weekly press conference, President Eisenhower responded: "So far as I know there is no individual in the Government that has ever said that the Russians . . . are coming to any conference weak. Of course we recognize their great military strength . . ."

But two days later the House Appropriations Committee inconveniently released previously secret testimony, delivered a month before by John Foster Dulles. Testifying on the reasons for the new Soviet amiability, Dulles said that the Russians "have been constantly hoping and expecting our economy was going to collapse in some way,

due to what they regard as inherent defects in the capitalist system . . . It has been their system that is on the point of collapsing." Some newspapers, e.g., the widely read *New York Times*, at once pounced on the word collapse and upon John Foster Dulles. The White House promptly explained that the President and his Secretary of State were not feuding; what Dulles had said was merely a restatement of the U.S. position that the Soviet Union has troubles at home and is "overextended." Dulles, as his full testimony showed, was not predicting any imminent collapse.

The debate about the Soviet Union's



Dowling—© 1955, N.Y. Herald Tribune, Inc.

thronging along with the vacationers into the gleaming city that confronted the distant white crown of Mont Blanc: the French and British discreet and inconspicuous, the Russians discreet and conspicuous, the Americans crewcut, bow-tied and well-scrubbed.

Because the cagey Europeans had got first attention at the best hotels and villas, the U.S. was hard-pressed to find quarters for its delegation. Not until the middle of last week did President Eisenhower have a place to lay his head on the summit. Then Mme. André Firmentich, Scottish wife of a Swiss millionaire perfume-maker, consented to rent her 15-

OBJECTIVES OF GENEVA

THE Parley at the Summit will have no fixed agenda, but both sides will arrive in Geneva with a well-defined set of objectives. On the eve of the conference the basic outline of these objectives is clear.

WESTERN AIMS

The net of the U.S. position is that Communist subversion and the Soviet Union's iron domination of Eastern Europe constitute the major dangers to peace; the President of the U.S. will therefore seek peace by attempting to eliminate, or to minimize these dangers. With support from Britain and France, the U.S. will work toward: ¶ An end to the worldwide Communist conspiracy to subvert free governments.

¶ Free elections and the reunification of Germany as an ally of the West.

¶ A new Europe-wide security arrangement based upon a careful balancing of conventional arms on either side of the Iron Curtain, plus a continuing search for a safe and foolproof way to limit, then prohibit atomic weapons.

¶ Independence for the satellites of the Communist empire.

SOVIET AIMS

The net of the Soviet objective is to win a respite in the armaments race, neutralize Germany, wreck NATO, get the U.S. out of Europe, and get credit as defender of the peace. Toward this end, the Soviet will seek:

¶ A world conference on disarmament that will emphasize the emotional Communist campaign to ban atomic weapons and "foreign military bases," and de-emphasize the cooler Western insistence on the need for proper safeguards and controls.

¶ A new interregional alliance for "mutual security" among the 30-odd countries of East and West Europe to replace the present NATO, with U.S. forces barred from Europe and the U.S.S.R. in control.

¶ A Big Four resolution pledging withdrawal of troops from Germany.

¶ A world economic conference designed to remove Western sanctions on strategic East-West trade.

¶ A conference to win Formosa and U.N. membership for Red China.

¶ A Big Four declaration vaguely proclaiming the "equal status" of the Communist satellite states.

THE BARGAINING PROCESS

Each Chief of State will present his country's accounting for the tensions that perplex the world. Then, the parley is set up to resolve itself into a continuing conference of committees

—on Germany, on European security, on atomic control, probably on trade, possibly on the Far East (though to this the U.S. is opposed).

In the committees on Germany—probably comprising the Big Four Foreign Ministers and the Germans—the U.S. will not yield to the Soviet call for a neutralized state. Nor does the U.S. intend to let itself be drawn into Sir Winston Churchill's original notion of "a new Locarno pact" for that would involve a formal new U.S. guarantee for the Communist frontiers. The U.S. holds that its pledge to uphold the U.N. Charter is sufficient guarantee that the West will not commit aggression to liberate the satellites.

With its allies, the U.S. recognizes the Soviet Union's traditional fear of a powerful Germany; the U.S. is therefore ready to concede that East Germany shall become a demilitarized buffer zone inside the reunified German state. The U.S. further accepts Sir Anthony Eden's plan to offer the Russians security by keeping the conventional arms of West Europe in balance with the East so that each region may coexist without fear—each strong enough to defend itself against the other, but not to attack.

THE KEY TOPIC

The key topic of the Parley at the Summit will be disarmament—symbol of the worldwide yearning for peace. "The more one studies intensively this problem of disarmament," said the President of the U.S. last week, "the more he finds himself in a sort of squirrel's cage . . . running around pretty rapidly . . . and at times feeling he is merely chasing himself." But the President promised the people he would persevere "because, from my mind, to my mind, it is perfectly stupid for the world to continue to put so much in these agencies and instrumentalities that cost us so much . . ."

In preliminary talks before the parley, the U.S. delegation significantly stopped talking about "disarmament" in favor of a new phrase—"limitation of arms." The U.S. attitude is that total disarmament and controls are not now enforceable; the U.S. does believe—that it does not specify how—that atomic arms might be controlled to the point that the delivery of a decisive surprise attack would become impossible.

The U.S. believes that the Soviet attitude on disarmament might best define the validity of the Soviet Union's new peacefulness; the U.S. wants the Soviet good intentions tested step by step. Neither believing nor disbelieving, the U.S. waits to be shown.

strength or weakness was vitally important. The French and British were insisting that the Russians indeed will be negotiating from equality. Conceding the strength of the Red Army and the Red H-bomb, the U.S. nonetheless replies that the Russians are talking peace because they have to. To support this view, the U.S. cites the instability of the Communist dictatorship, the discontent of the satellites, the demands of hungry and aggressive Red China, the slump of Russian agriculture.

Last week the U.S. got some more solid documentation for its thesis: the latest report of Foreign Operations Administrator Stassen disclosed that exports of grain to the West from the grain-rich Communist "breadbasket of Europe" fell off from 2,875,000 tons to 1,250,000 tons between 1952 and 1954, and that during the hungry fall of 1954 the Communists were compelled to import grain from the West.

Behind the U.S. position was the firm conviction that the West does not need to trade concession for concession with Bulgaria in Geneva. By granting important concessions, e.g., allowing strategic trade with the Soviet Union, the West might well be strengthening the Russians and removing their need to be peaceful.

Hope, Not Expectation. As the summit was approached, the men who will meet there were clarifying their objectives (see box). Said the Soviet Union's Bulganin: "The lessening of tension should be the aim of this conference." Said Britain's Sir Anthony Eden: "It is reasonable to look for real, if modest, progress." The President of the U.S. was more cautious. "We . . . go there with very hopeful attitudes," said Dwight Eisenhower, "but that hope has got to have greater food on which to nourish itself before it can become anything like expectation."

THE PRESIDENCY No Chilling Arrangements

More than 175 reporters squeezed into the ornate, paneled Indian Treaty room of the old State Department building one broiling day last week for the President's press conference. Although the ancient wall thermometer registered only 82°, humidity and strong newsreel lights made the air seem twice as hot. The reporters sweat, mopped their brows, peeled off their jackets. Most of their questions were as soggy and limp as their colars.

Wearing a vest as usual, Dwight Eisenhower seemed to be the coolest person in the room. To a question implying that he "cannot refuse to run in 1956," he replied crisply: "That is a decision I have to reach for myself—some time." Asked if Congress should stay in session longer to act on his program, Ike responded with expression of mock horror, then grinned and said: "No, I just think that Congress, when it wants to, can do an awful lot in a very short time, and I am hopeful that they will do so."

Cooley, the President answered a ques-



LOWELL THOMAS & FRIEND

Broiled but unheated.

tion about his surprise proclamation of martial law during last month's civil-defense test. He had taken no advance briefing on the test problems he was to face—"because . . . decisions should be made in the proper atmosphere of urgency . . . I was suddenly told that 53 of the major cities of the U.S. had either been destroyed or so badly damaged that the populations were fleeing . . . There was, as I saw it, no recourse except to take charge instantly." The President, an old hand in giving realism to peacetime training maneuvers, took charge by issuing his proclamation, an item not foreseen by the test planners.

As the 32-minute press conference ended, one reporter asked a question that was on the minds of many: "Mr. President, whatever happened to that air-conditioned press room that you were thinking about?" Replied Ike: "When I came in, I was shocked. I thought we had some kind of chilling arrangements in here." As the President walked out, some reporters volunteered to lobby on Capitol Hill for a planned addition to the White House executive offices—including an air-conditioned conference room. "Good," said Ike.

Although he rarely bothers with public entertainment, President Eisenhower spent one air-conditioned afternoon last week watching a show, *This Is Cinerama*. As President, he has attended no plays, only one concert (the National Symphony in 1953) and one opera (the Metropolitan's road-company *La Bohème* last April). But he wanted to see the curved-screen Cinerama process. Since it could not be shown at the White House, the President and most of his staff went

to a private showing at Washington's Warner Theater. Dutifully, a Secret Service agent—tall at that—sat in front of the President, who later moved to get a better view. Ike talked with Cinerama co-owner Lowell Thomas, lustily sang out along with the background choir—*America the Beautiful* and *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

At week's end the President flew in his new light plane to the Gettysburg farm to join Mamie, who moved there June 10 after the official Washington social season. Mrs. Eisenhower had been busily arranging the interior, putting up pictures, sorting out souvenirs, and shopping. Hatless and wearing a cotton print, she went to Sears, Roebuck in Chambersburg, Pa., to buy one kitchen item: a hand eggbeater.

During the weekend, Major John Eisenhower, his wife and their three children arrived from Fort Belvoir, Va., for a family reunion at the farm—the last before the President, accompanied by the First Lady, departs for Geneva and next week's Parley at the Summit.

Last week the President also:

¶ Let a bill become law without his signature. He would not sign—but did not veto—a bill granting permanent U.S. residence to Aniceto M. Sparagna, 42, an apostate Italian priest. Sparagna used false affidavits (claiming a priestly assignment in New York) to get a religious-entry U.S. visa in 1950, later married and began preaching at the Church of Christ in West Collingswood, N.J.

¶ Received, "with regret," a request from Allen Whittfeld to withdraw Whittfeld's name as a nominee for membership on the Atomic Energy Commission. Whittfeld, an attorney and Republican leader of Des Moines, had been under fire from Democrats for his handling of an estate trusteeship before and during World War II. He said he could not answer a set of 24 questions from Senator Clinton Anderson, chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, without violating confidential relations with his clients.

¶ Announced that he would address the nation Friday night at 8:15 E.D.T. on the national radio-TV networks. Subject: his "hopes for accomplishment" at the Parley at the Summit.

¶ Appointed as a White House administrative officer E. Frederic Morrow, 44, the first Negro ever appointed to a top job in the U.S. executive offices.

THE CONGRESS Ward Politics

Under strict orders to rest and stay quiet after his recent heart attack (TIME, July 11), Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson gazed innocently up from his National Naval Medical Center bed and told doctors of his abiding love for hillbilly music. If he could just have a radio to listen to the comin'-round-the-mountainers, Johnson hinted, it would help relax him. The doctors considered and agreed. Johnson got his radio, and was soon listening to every news broadcast

and political commentator that he could reach on the dial. There are few things that he loathes more than hillbilly music.

¶ **A Portable Commode.** It should take the big, quietly efficient hospital at Bethesda, Md., quite a while to recover from Texan Johnson's visit there, for the boiling energies that had laid him low would not be stilled. "I'm tired of female talk," Johnson snapped at his nurses. "I want to see my staff." Before long, his aides were not only traipsing in and out of his 16th-floor room, but had usurped the office of the floor physician to carry on round-the-clock political business by telephone. Johnson also saw Acting Majority Leader Earle Clements four times last week, filled the air with angrily colorful phrases when a nurse asked Clements to depart. At week's end Johnson's staff was bundling up newspaper clippings for shipment to the hospital, while their employer (still, said the doctors, seriously ill), with a contemptuous snort at his in-bed accessories, was getting up to use a portable commode.

But if the hospital was a far livelier place with Johnson there, the U.S. Senate was far less zestful with him gone. His stand-in, Kentucky's Clements, is a bland, backroom politician whose only spiciness lies in his strong taste for Tabasco sauce, which he pours unstintingly into his soups and salad dressings. In his silent way, Clements has been singularly successful in the business of getting himself elected to public office: he has been a sheriff, county judge, state senator, U.S. Representative, governor and Senator.

¶ **Big Secret.** Unlike Johnson, Clements makes a fetish of secrecy. Example: as usual, he recently kept his staff members uninformed about where he would be on a weekend trip out of Washington (Capitol Hill staffers deem it important to know where their bosses can be reached by telephone). But, just before climbing



Walter Bennett

DEMOCRAT CLEMENTS
Sauced but unspiced.

aboard his train, Clements thumbed an aide to his side, looked warily around to make certain there were no eavesdroppers in the vicinity, cupped his hamlike hand to his mouth and whispered conspiratorially: "Keep this to yourself, but in case of a real emergency, I'll be at the Hotel Seelbach in Louisville." For Earle Clements this was a great breach of security.

Partly because of the transition period from Johnson to Clements in the Senate, but mostly because only a few major items remain on the congressional schedule for this session, the week was a slack one on Capitol Hill. Items:

¶ The House shouted through bills ranging from authorizing the Secretary of Defense to lend equipment to the Girl Scouts for their senior encampment to creating a commission to promote the centennial celebration in 1958 of Theodore Roosevelt's birth.

¶ The Senate, by a 77-to-0 vote, ratified four treaties setting up more humane standards for the treatment of P.W.s and civilian internees. The treaties grew out of the 1949 Geneva Conference, were presented to the Senate in April 1951, but had gathered dust there ever since because of the Korean war.

¶ While the political argument about the Dixon-Yates power contract yowled on, with Tennessee's White House-bent Senator Estes Kefauver making the loudest noises, the Senate passed the bill to appropriate \$6,500,000 for construction of transmission lines into Memphis from the site of the proposed Dixon-Yates plant. The appropriation will be nullified if, within 90 days, Memphis makes a definite commitment to build its own steam plant. If Memphis does indeed build its own plant, the proposed Dixon-Yates plant will be unnecessary, and the U.S. will cancel its contract with Dixon-Yates.

¶ House and Senate passed a bill authorizing rewards of up to \$500,000 for information on the illegal importation or manufacture of nuclear material and weapons.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Half-Price Loading

From Manila last week, three Douglas C-118 transports and 18 men of the U.S. Air Force took off on a 57-day, 11,000-mile trip to Geneva, Switzerland. The C-118s had gone all the way from McGuire Air Force Base, N.J., to pick up 192 touring delegates of Moral Re-Armament (only 55 of them Americans) and ferry them slowly around Asia and the Middle East, winding up next September in Geneva.

How did Moral Re-Armament, whose leader, Dr. Frank Buchman, prefers to travel first-class ("Isn't God a millionaire?") manage to pull such a prestige-building and money-saving deal out of the U.S. Air Force? Last spring Moral Re-Armament tried to wheelie 200 free trips from the U.S. to the Far East out of Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens, who referred them to commercial charter concerns. Last June some 20 Congress-

men descended upon Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, proclaiming that to carry Moral Re-Armament representatives around Asia, after they got there by commercial routes, was a worthy assignment for the Air Force. Wilson and Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbott finally "approved the project."

On the way, Moral Re-Armament astonished Washington by the tone of a morality play called *The Vanishing Island*, which it is presenting in the Asian capitals. Commented one high U.S. official: "The show ridicules the ideals of the free West . . ." Freedom is portrayed as license and self-indulgence, freedom of the press as cynical reporting to attract readers, elections as a means to avoid responsibility, free enterprise as grasping for endless profits, and liberty as a meaningless chant. The official concluded that many Government officials were "unhappy about the Moral Re-Armament move-



International
AIR SECRETARY TALBOTT
Let the taxpayer pay.

ment," but were afraid to speak out because of its influential support.

Moral Re-Armament, traditionally no friend of military enterprises such as the U.S. Air Force, will pay for its long ride after a fashion. The Air Force normally charges two rates for transport flights—one for governmental agencies, another for nongovernmental agencies. Moral Re-Armament will pay only the Government rate. Its check will amount to about \$97,000, and U.S. taxpayers will pay the rest: \$135,000.

With somewhat more wisdom than he showed in "approving the project," Secretary Talbott last week said that he did not want to go into many details of Moral Re-Armament's half-price-loading, because "some other institution might want to take advantage . . . Once we start this sort of thing, everybody will be after us."

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

Although the 1956 political tree has just begun to bud, politicians and pundits were busy last week picking possibilities. Items:

¶ New York *Herald Tribune* Columnist Roscoe Drummond, pondering what the Republicans might do if Dwight Eisenhower were to say no, wrote: "Now, I am not starting a presidential boom for anybody nor assuming that I could, but obviously it is no good to say there are plenty of Americans who can meet [the necessary] specifications unless you can name at least one, I can name at least one. He began his public life as a Foreign Service officer in Edinburgh, Scotland. He came to Washington at the behest of a Republican Secretary of Agriculture . . . He held top posts in the Department of Agriculture under Presidents Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt . . . He accepted special wartime assignments under Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman. He resigned from federal service to become president of Kansas State College and later became president of Pennsylvania State College—one of the best college executives in the country. The name, if you have any doubt, is Milton S. Eisenhower."

¶ Louisiana's Democratic Governor Robert Kennon, casting about for candidates more to his liking than Adlai Stevenson (whom he refused to support in 1952), named Ohio's Governor Frank Lausche and Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert Anderson, a Texas Democrat, as possibilities. Kennon placed Lausche "in a class with men like Senator Byrd, Governor Allan Shivers and former Governor James Byrnes."

¶ New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson left little doubt about the identity of his candidate. If Adlai Stevenson wants the nomination, said Anderson, "all he has to do is stand up and hold up his hand and say, 'Boys, here I am, and they will have to fight off the delegates."

The Buildup

A political campaign is a matter of years—not weeks or months. Long before the public hears the tumult and the shouting, the preliminary buildup has been under way. . . . I, and several other people who were close to the Governor [F. D. Roosevelt of New York], had been pondering over his chances to be the party standard-bearer in 1932 ever since his first election to the gubernatorial chair [in 1928].

—James A. Farley's *Behind the Ballots*

Years after the event (and even after his split with F.D.R.), big Jim Farley could still take professional pride in the preliminary buildup that gave Governor Roosevelt his 1932 convention victory over the Democrats' 1928 presidential nominee, Al Smith. Last week another New York professional was pondering the chances of another New York governor to

take the 1956 convention away from another ex-nominee.

Arriving in Washington for a radio-TV appearance, Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapiro avoided the tumult and the shouting, kept mostly to himself until time to go to the studio. Then, reluctantly, and only under the nagging of *Meet the Press* Panelist Lawrence Spivak, De Sapiro made news that set Democratic party lines to buzzing across the nation.

Q: Mr. De Sapiro, it's been widely rumored in informed circles that Governor Harriman is your candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1956, and that you are going to do all in your power to get that nomination for him. Is that true?

A: Well . . . my personal opinion is that there are many qualified leading Democrats in the nation who if elected can give this country an excellent administration . . .

Q: Well, that's very nice, Mr. De Sapiro. The question was, are you for Governor Harriman for the Democratic nomination in 1956?

A: I think that Governor Harriman is well qualified as a candidate for any office.

Q: May I put the question once more, Mr. De Sapiro? Are you for Governor Harriman in 1956 for the Democratic nomination?

A: I would have to answer it . . . this way—that I'm confident that the delegates from New York state will prefer Averell Harriman as the designee for the nomination for President.

Whistle, Whistle. If this was not exactly sailing Harriman's hat into the ring, it was at least nudging it considerably past the law line. Carmine De Sapiro will lead—and control—the New York delegation to the 1956 national convention, and he is not a man to waste his time on token political gestures. New York's political sons (by reason of the state's 90-odd delegate votes and financial resources) have a habit of becoming serious contenders in presidential nominating politics.



DEMOCRAT HARRIMAN
Nudging by the party line.



DEMOCRATS DE SAPIO, PRENDERGAST & BALCH
Nudging past the law line.

United Press

Moreover, De Sapiro has real talking points. Harriman showed last year that he could win an election over tough opposition; he is now operating from the position of the country's most important governorship. Adlai Stevenson's electoral votes in 1952 showed that he could lose in 39 states; since 1952 he has had no sustaining position in public life.

In Washington De Sapiro's remarks set the Stevenson-stacked cadre of the Democratic national committee to whistling through a stiff upper lip. Staffers let it be known that they thought De Sapiro was hedging his bets so as to have a Harriman boom ready on the chance that Stevenson may decide not to run. Stevenson has already decided to run, and De Sapiro should know it.

In Illinois Stevensonites took the threat more seriously: they have been worried for months about a drop in Stevenson's popularity, and they know of a recent conversation in which Harriman warned Stevenson that he might not be able to keep the New York delegation in line for Adlai because of its enthusiasm for "Ave."

Tsk-Tsk. The Stevenson apprehensions could scarcely have been dispelled by subsequent activities in New York, where Democrats were busy clearing the decks for action. Out as state chairman went Richard Balch, who quit because he had a title of responsibility but had to stand by while De Sapiro stole the political show. In came a faithful party hack, Michael H. Prendergast, a native of Grassy Point (Jim Farley's home town) and Volunteer captain of the Haverstraw Rescue Hook and Ladder Co. In the hard work that is to come, Prendergast can be depended upon not to get any notions about stealing the show.

Promptly upon election, Prendergast said: "Harriman will be our favorite son . . . The New York delegation will go solid in favor of Averell Harriman." Harriman

uttered a gentle tsk-tsk ("I'm for Stevenson"), and added: "I am always honored to be spoken of as qualified for that office." Then he took off for Europe on a tour well timed to give the impression of a governor maintaining his first-hand interest in international affairs.

After seeing his governor off, Carmine De Sapiro went back to greeting visitors in a suite (borrowed from a vacationing friend) in Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel. Behind the glass of a display case in the living room was a set of machine-made figurines of all the Presidents of the U.S. That was entirely fitting, since De Sapiro would like nothing better than to machine-make another President.

ARMED FORCES The Returncoats

On Jan. 23, 1954, 21,814 Chinese and North Koreans decided not to return to Communism and 21 American soldiers turned their backs on the U.S. In a grey drizzle one afternoon this week three of the U.S. returncoats walked a path by the Lowu railroad bridge into Hong Kong and the free world.

First out was Otho G. Bell, 24, of Hillsboro, Miss., a round-faced little man in a poorly cut fawn-grey cotton suit; next came William A. Cowart, 22, of Dalton, Ga., a hulking figure with dirty white pants shoved into high Korean cavalry boots; last was Lewis W. Griggs, 22, of Neches, Texas, a tall, thin, preoccupied youth, carrying the only luggage of the three: a bundled-up raincoat and a pair of brown shoes dangling by the laces. They were met by H. V. McCrea, British immigration officer. He did not shake hands, sternly explained that they were "prohibited immigrants," permitted to pass through Hong Kong, not welcome to stay.

Their strange political journeys had

deep roots. All three were born to the bleak Depression South. Their families were poor, their lives unhappy, their world warped. Bell's father bragged that "I could always scare him into anything"; Griggs ran away, eventually joined the Army because of a school-bus teasing about a girl friend. Bell spent three years in the eighth grade; when Cowart wrote a Communist-line letter from the Communist prison camp about McCarthyism and McCarranism, one of his teachers said: "How much it would have gratified us when he was in school to have known

not denationalized themselves by voting in Chinese elections or serving in the armed forces. From authorities in Hong Kong they got one-way travel permits and third-class tickets aboard the *President Cleveland*, bound for San Francisco. When the 21 chose Communism, Defense Secretary Wilson had ordered them dishonorably discharged without court-martial, an unprecedented and possibly illegal move that has yet to be tested in court. Under truce-agreement guarantees, they can never be prosecuted for their choice. But they may have to stand trial for crimes in prison,



RENEGADES COWART, BELL & GRIGGS
From the fear of each man for the other.

United Press

that he could even identify national figures." Cowart was in the Army at 15, Griggs and Bell at 17.*

The three were captured in Korea and easily gave in to the Communists. While many other prisoners as young and as poorly equipped for an ideological war resisted or died, the three turned on their country, volunteered to make propaganda broadcasts. Cowart and Griggs turned on their buddies, became informers.

When they chose Communism, Cowart danced a jig of joy, but after seven months of stern indoctrination his joy turned to disillusion. Instead of getting the university courses the Communists promised, the three were sent to labor on collective farms in drought-scarred Honan Province. As Cowart tells it, they rebelled, refused to work, made trouble and thus earned their freedom.

The status of the three is unclear, even to the U.S. Government. They told consular officials in Hong Kong that they had

along with hundreds of other returned "progressive" P.W.'s.

Relieved to be out of Communist China at any cost, the three are reconciled to future trials. Said Cowart, with a political education born of bitter experience: "I would sooner have Hitler come back than have Communism. Hitler only destroyed the body, but Communism destroys the mind. The society of China is built on fear—fear of each man for the other."

PRISONS

Williwaw in Walla Walla

In Walla Walla, Wash. (pop. 26,000), there is a familiar phrase that means bad news: "There's trouble on the hill." The hill is the state penitentiary, and trouble has a long history there. In 1926 some 900 convicts broke out of their cells and threatened the main gate before they were subdued; in 1934 nine convicts and a guard died in the "Lincoln Day break"; two years ago rioters set a \$500,000 fire. Last week trouble came to the hill again.

Cleavers, Axes & Therapy. At 9:45 one morning, four prisoners—two murderers, a robber and a pervert—seized a guard. Although they were confined to "the hole," a dungeon for "maximum custody" prisoners, the four had managed to make

keys to their cells. In a matter of minutes they had nine hostages, including Associate Warden Theodore Bezzeries, and had established themselves in the prison's control room. From there one of them telephoned Business Manager William Connell in the administration building and said: "This is Bezzeries; I'd like to have you come in." Connell did not recognize the voice, asked: "What's your wife's first name?" "Go to hell," snarled the man on the phone. Connell said it was like a williwaw, a gust of cold wind, blowing through the prison. For 26 hours after that, the prisoners were in control of Washington State Penitentiary.

They collected kitchen knives, cleavers, axes, shovels, scissors, hack-saw blades and night sticks. They let all the prisoners they could out of their cells, and directed the preparation of food for prisoners and hostages alike. Associate Warden Bezzeries suggested that he outline their demands. In a shaky hand, he wrote: "Confinement without hope is pointless. Accordingly, we would like to discuss our difficulties from the standpoint of some kind of therapeutic treatments for the men doing time for rules infractions."

"Guaranteed Annual Pardon." Collective-bargaining sessions were arranged. Top negotiator for the state was Dr. Thomas A. Harris, former professor of psychiatry at the University of Arkansas, who became Washington's director of institutions less than a month ago. Within 20 hours after the conferences began, the prisoners had won all of their key demands: 1) a promise that prison authorities will try to circumvent a state law providing special punishment for rioting or holding hostages, 2) transfer from "the hole," 3) establishment of an inmate council, 4) a survey of parole practices and an annual review of sentences, 5) a study of mail-delivery practices. Then the prisoners swaggered back to their cells.

But the trouble on the hill was not over. When guards were ordered to take back control of the prison, they talked of staging their own revolt. Said one: "Those cons have collected weapons we'll be months in finding." Grumbled another: "We should go in there and shake the place down on the pay (\$3.28 monthly maximum) we get?" But finally the guards went back in, and the prison went back to the control of the state. Said one guard: "They gave 'em everything but a guaranteed annual pardon."

CRIME

The Whole Book

On the dark, squally afternoon of April 3, 1950, three ex-convicts shot and killed a messenger carrying \$4,960 (along with more than \$35,000 in non-negotiable checks) from the *Reader's Digest* offices near Pleasantville, N.Y. Two months later the killers were arrested. Tried and convicted were Calman Cooper, a paroled bandit, Harry Stein, a sullen thug, and Nathan Wissner, a habitual criminal. They were sentenced to die the week of

* Their background was strikingly typical of the 21. In her book *Stayed*, Reporter Virginia Pasley reveals that 18 grew up in poverty, 16 came from small towns or rural communities, 17 did not finish high school, 20 were Regular Army volunteers, 16 had an average IQ of less, 15 were 21 or younger when captured, 11 lost their fathers when very young.

Feb. 11, 1951—but justice was not to come so quickly.

Represented by tireless and ingenious lawyers, the *Reader's Digest* Killers (as they came to be known), ran through the whole book of the law, got nine stays of execution. One of their appeals was based on a paragraph in a *Reader's Digest* article which told how a Yiddish-speaking cop was stationed near the defendants at their trial to eavesdrop as they spoke to each other.

Last week, after three U.S. Supreme Court Justices and New York's Acting Governor George B. DeLuca had rejected in turn their final, desperate pleas, the book was finally closed on Cooper, 47, Stein, 57, and Wissner, 43. Four years, four months and 28 days after they went to the death house, the *Reader's Digest* Killers went to the electric chair at Sing Sing.

THE ATOM

The Biological Species

To Britain's philosophizing Bertrand Russell, after one of his end-of-the-world radio speeches about nuclear warfare last winter, came a glowing fan letter from French Physicist Jean Frédéric Joliot-Curie. Recalls Russell: "I was particularly appreciative of getting a letter from him because of the fact that he is a noted Communist. One of my principal purposes was . . . to unite men of science." An idea popped into Russell's head: Why should not the leading scientists of East and West join in a statement that would warn the world about the disastrous consequences of nuclear warfare?

Russell sat down and wrote a letter to Albert Einstein at Princeton, N.J., outlining his thoughts. Einstein replied, agreeing "with every word," and naming Russell the "dictator of the enterprise." Russell drafted a 1,500-word statement and sent it winging about the world for comment and signature. The world will not long remember Dictator Russell (or Sponsor Einstein) for anything that appeared in the statement, which was a dreary mishmash of gloom-laden clichés.

Read last week by Russell, under the glare of television lights in London's Caxton Hall, it said: "We are speaking on this occasion not as members of this or that nation, continent or creed, but as human beings . . . The world is full of conflicts, and overshadowing all minor conflicts, the titanic struggle between Communism and anti-Communism. Almost everybody who is politically conscious has strong feelings about one or more of these issues; but we want you, if you can, to set aside such feelings and consider yourselves only as members of a biological species . . . The best authorities are unanimous in saying that a war with H-bombs might quite possibly put an end to the human race . . . Here then is the problem which we present to you, stark and dreadful and inescapable: Shall we put an end to the human race, or shall mankind renounce war?" Russell's answer

was inevitable: the governments of the world should join together to renounce war in a sort of scientist-sponsored Kellogg-Briand pact.

Of 21 scientists asked to sign the statement, only nine (including Russell and Einstein) did so. Communist Curie signed only after making a reservation to the effect that revolutions should not be included in the renunciation. Among the scientists who refused to sign were eight Nobel Prize winners, including Niels Bohr of Denmark and Arthur H. Compton and Harold C. Urey of the U.S., who apparently were devoting their interest to science.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Writhing Words

As V. K. Krishna Menon, India's Communist-cuddling roving ambassador, sat at the head table of the National Press Club in Washington one noon last week, his lean fingers coiled and writhed, flitted across his face, danced in the air, groomed



N. R. Farbman—LIFE

INDIA'S MENON
With a complex simplicity.

his nose. Sometimes he cracked his knuckles with an audible snap. When at last he rose to face the newsmen, his words also coiled and writhed and flitted.

Dressed in a dark-blue double-breasted suit, a dark-blue tie, and a shirt with a blue pinstripe, Krishna Menon looked more than ever like a snake charmer, but he denied that he had developed a personal aura of mystery: "The only mystery I know of about myself is that I have nothing to be mysterious about. It is so simple that it appears complex. And this world loves complexity because it flatters itself—how complex we have made things—and it is complexity that baffles us. That is how it is."

But Krishna Menon's words did not offer many clear clues to just how it is: "I think everybody can aid world peace

by living and letting live . . . You know the last word has not been spoken on anything . . . A principle is not like a geometrical point, without magnitude. A principle has sufficient magnitude for different points of view to be reconciled . . . We have differences in the valuation of purposes, if you like . . . The main thing to consider is to discover, isn't it? The course of discovery is very important, and what is more, we have found that it is better to accept people for what they say . . . The impression that has been generally gained . . . is that the general changes or improvements, or whatever you like to call them, in Soviet Russia have more than a temporary character."

Later, Krishna Menon danced around a question about whether he is a Marxist, and slipped into a revealing statement of India-style policymaking: "Well, I haven't heard myself called [Marxist]," he said. "That is a new one on me, but if it is so, there is no objection . . . So far as the policy of our country is concerned . . . if any particular outlook becomes advantageous . . . we use it."

OPINION

"In Sickness & in Health"

As Public Act No. 364 came across his desk for signing, Connecticut's Governor Abraham Ribicoff was reminded of the marriage vows and of the phrase, "in sickness and in health." The bill, as passed by the state legislature, would have permitted divorce from a spouse confined to a mental institution for a period of five years, even though there might be temporary interruptions in the confinement. Last week Democrat Ribicoff vetoed the bill.

"It is reliably estimated," he wrote in his veto message, "that one out of ten persons born in the year 1955 will spend some time during his life in a mental institution. This widespread incidence of mental illness makes it imperative that every safeguard be established to insure that those individuals who become mentally ill will continue to have the needed support of their families and loved ones . . . There could be instances where a husband or wife with a mild mental illness would develop a much more serious illness with the knowledge that their spouse was obtaining a divorce . . .

"When people marry, they realize that there are potential periods in their lives when illness or other misfortunes may come their way. The marriage vows, 'in sickness and in health,' should have meaning . . . It would indeed be a terrible society where a person could toss aside a wife or husband because serious illness may come their way. Such a philosophy would be contrary to the teachings of all our great religions and a contradiction of the ethics of Western society. If a person should be so callous as to disregard such normal and humane considerations, the state should not lend encouragement to such callousness by allowing a divorce."

International—N.Y. Daily Mirror

NEWS IN PICTURES

VISITOR ON TOUR: Burma's Premier U Nu



SOLEMN MOMENT occurs outside New York's City Hall as U Nu, standing beside Acting Mayor and Mrs. Abe Stark, salutes the national anthem.



United Press



INSIDE VIEW of Philadelphia's famed Liberty Bell fascinated U Nu. Tieless Burmese Premier wears 4-H Club tie clasp given him by Secretary Benson.

BACKWARD TILT is required of U Nu and accompanying protocol officers, trying to see to top of 39-story U.N. Secretariat Building.



United Press

FREE LESSON in art of baseball was given U Nu and wife by valuable Yankee Manager Casey Stengel before visitors

moved into stands to watch the Yankees lose second half of doubleheader. U Nu was given new baseball as souvenir.



United Press

HISTORIC TOOLS used by Henry Ford to make his first automobile are inspected in Greenfield Village, Mich. museum.



FOREIGN NEWS

BIG FOUR

Surprise Party

It was a sunny garden party at the U.S. embassy in Moscow, and on the elm-shaded lawn, children darted while their parents sipped champagne. Suddenly, all unheralded, a squad of stocky men in baggy dark suits, all doing their best to look affable, marched into the garden and greeted the hostess, Mrs. Charles E. Bohlen, wife of the U.S. Ambassador. Beaming at their head was round-polled Nikita Khrushchev, 61, First Secretary of the Russian Communist Party. With him was an imposing array of politburocrats: goateed Premier Nikolai Bulganin, smiling professorially; First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, the clever Armenian who masterminds Soviet trade policy; Old Bolshevik Lazar Kaganovich and Young Bolshevik Maxim Saburov; Georgy Malenkov, once Premier, now electrical-power boss; cob-nosed Andrei Gromyko, looking for once as if he had not an enemy in sight.

It was the first time that the rulers of Communist Russia had accepted an invitation to attend the U.S. Independence Day party. Ambassador Bohlen was away in Washington, briefing President Eisenhower for the Geneva conference, so Khrushchev bore down on Walter N. Walmesley Jr., Bohlen's deputy, and loudly announced: "I have a little speech to make."

Facts & Fantasy. "That is what we agreed on, isn't it?" said Khrushchev to his colleagues. Mikoyan and Kaganovich nodded. The party boss looked around for Premier Bulganin, who had turned off in the crush of people, and missing him, remarked: "I have discussed this with Bulganin, and he agrees with me . . ." Then grabbing Walmesley by the lapels—his customary way of speaking when he is



Leonard McCombe

KHRUSHCHEV & BULGANIN TOASTING MRS. BOHLEN

Under the elms, a fresh stream of ozone.

serious—Khrushchev began: "I liked the last statement of Eisenhower at his press conference—not all of it. I must tell the truth: there were right things and wrong things. In any case, what he said was a fresh stream of ozone."*

Warming to his subject and maintaining his lapel grip, Khrushchev launched an attack on "responsible people in the U.S." who "read tea leaves" and talk of Soviet weakness. Some people, he said, "ponder why the Soviet Union has made so many proposals that please the West." They seem to think that if the Soviet Union makes a good decision "there is something that forced it to make that

* Apparently what happens to "a breath of fresh air" by the time it passes back and forth between English, Russian and back into English.

decision, and even that the Soviet Union fears some catastrophe if it does not."

Let me tell you, said Khrushchev, letting go of Walmesley's coat but grasping his arm instead, such speculation is "a fantasy of stupid people." Lowering his voice and looking around to see that no ladies could hear, he confided to the Americans: "We say of those people who think this way: 'If a mother-in-law is unfaithful, she would not believe in the faithfulness of her son's wife.'"

Upright Soldiers? In fact, said Khrushchev: "We have never had a more solid situation than we have now . . . Our agriculture is in full swing. I don't care whether you like it or not, but I am telling you . . . Our industry is overfulfilling its plans, and still we criticize it and say it is not enough. We criticize it not because we are weak, but because we are strong. As for the unity of the people with the party—you send people around the country; you can judge for yourselves."

By this time, Khrushchev had changed from champagne to Scotch and soda. He went on: "We are not going to Geneva with broken legs. We are going like upright soldiers to meet with worthy partners. And that is the only right way . . . If you talk to us honestly as equal to equal, something will come of it . . . I tell you this because there still is time to think . . . But if we go to Geneva like merchants, then there is no reason to go."

Shake on That. At one point, the Party Secretary looked around for approval from his colleagues. Bulganin, who had been rounded up, moved over and said: "Yes, I support him." Kaganovich added: "We all agree with him." Khrushchev later greeted French Ambassador Louis Joxe and talked about Germany. "I think France needs a reduction in tensions more than we do," he said. "I don't want to offend you, but I think we are stronger



Leonard McCombe

MIKOYAN & MALENKOV
In the tea leaves, no signs of weakness.

than you. Germany menaces us less than you."

Before leaving, Khrushchev marched up to Major William Fife of Johnson City, Tenn., the assistant U.S. air attaché. Said he: "I want to tell you that we don't want war, and we know that you don't want war. But if we have to fight, let's be on the same side." Surprised, the major grinned. "Let's shake on that," he said. They did, and the burly Russian walked out of the garden party with the committee trailing after.

INDIA

O. Ghosh

India's is "the stupidest of the world's Communist parties," Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru once remarked. Last week India's Communist Party did its bumbling best to say yes, boss.

Forced to change their criticism of Nehru in the light of Moscow's new adulation of him, India's Communist leaders issued 12,000 words of Party Boss Ajoy Ghosh's knotted dialectic. In it, Ghosh beat his breast for having called Nehru a tool of "landlords and monopoly capitalists," praised Nehru's foreign policy and hailed him as a prime mover of "Asian solidarity and closer relations with the Socialist camp." Then hopefully nudging his way toward the inner circle, Ghosh warned Nehru about "pro-British and pro-American imperialists" in his Cabinet. With that, Ghosh emplanned for Moscow for treatment of his hardening arteries and tuberculous lungs and, presumably, correction of his myopic political vision.

From Yugoslavia, the itinerant Nehru hazarded a guess that India's Communists "are in great mental difficulties."

MONACO

The Gambling Banker

Throughout the world, threadbare gamblers with avid eyes have dreamed of becoming "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo." But the man who came nearest to breaking the bank at Monte Carlo last month was no true gambler at all; he was the man who owned it.

Strictly speaking, the Société Monégasque de Banque et de Métaux Précieux, run by swarthy Greek Promoter Constantin Liambe, is only one of 13 banks in Monaco. But it had this advantage over most of the others: some \$2,500,000 of Monaco's state funds were deposited in its coffers. In the eight years since he opened his bank, the favor of autocratic Prince Rainier and his top advisers had made Johnson-coming-lately Liambe one of Monaco's richest men.

TV That Failed. In Monte Carlo, however, the gambling urge is strong even in successful bankers, and Liambe was anxious to make himself even richer. Last year he threw away half of his bank's resources into a commercial TV station near the French border on the theory that it would reap a fortune from French advertisers unable to hawk their prod-

ucts on the non-commercial, state-owned French TV. But the station turned out to have an embarrassing connection with the French government, which vetoed the advertising contracts.

With his TV station a flop, Liambe did his best to recoup with investments elsewhere. Last month one of his biggest depositors, a building contractor, discovered that the bank which held his money was using it to back a competitor. He demanded his money, but Liambe couldn't pay up. He begged the contractor to give him some time, then raced over to see his old friend Arthur Crovetto, Minister Plenipotentiary, Secretary of State, Director of the Cabinet. Crovetto was also the man who had persuaded Prince Rainier to deposit the state money in Liambe's bank. Panicked, Crovetto himself raced to the Prince and the 18-man Mo-négascan National Council and urged them to give Liambe a loan. The Coun-



PRINCE RAINIER III
AGIP-Black Star

The bank was broke at Monte Carlo.

ci agreed—on one condition: that the Prince fire Crovetto and three other of the Prince's top financial advisers.

Bug of Gold. Leaving the bank with a valise full of gold and bank notes, the angry building contractor was satisfied at last. But stories of his plight got out to other depositors, who stormed the bank demanding their money. Once again Liambe howled for help and the depositors were paid off, but the effort severely strained Monaco's credit.

Last week, in the worst crisis to overtake his realm since 1871, the prestige and power of handsome, autocratic Prince Rainier lay under eclipse. With Monaco's solvency teetering in the balance, Rainier's National Council stepped in, began a searching investigation. First move: to persuade French police to arrest Banker Liambe in his villa at nearby Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat.

ITALY

New Man on the Job

After 13 days of interregnum, Italy had a new Premier, Christian Democrat Antonio Segni, 64, a lean-featured, soft-voiced professor who looks like a country gentleman of 50 years ago, took over last week where his predecessor Mario Scelba left off, and managed to put together again Italy's four-party, middle-of-the-road coalition.

The first Sardinian ever to become Premier of Italy, scholarly Antonio Segni made his reputation as Minister of Agriculture under the late Alcide De Gasperi. In his zeal for land reform, he once expropriated a quarter of his own estate and compensated his wife, to whom some of the land originally belonged, with a bottle of perfume. Straightforward, witty and courteous, Segni is more at home in the classroom or the law court than in the back rooms of Italian politics. He is not a robust man, yet, in the drawn-out bargaining and bickering process that constitutes Cabinet-making in Italy, he surprised his countrymen by his persistence, toughness and adroitness.

Truce Between Factions. Not for him was the "opening to the left" offered by Fellow Traveler Pietro Nenni and his 75 left-wing Socialists. Instead, Antonio Segni concentrated on closing the fissure that threatened to split his Christian Democrats wide open. Right-wing Christians Democrats under ex-Premier Giuseppe Pella had been instrumental in bringing Scelba down. Segni placated them with an offer of two ministries: Finance and Administrative Reform.

Finance went to Pella's able lieutenant, Giulio Andreotti, who is, however, an outspoken opponent of Italy's badly needed tax-reform bill. Segni balanced Andreotti by appointing as Minister of Agriculture 35-year-old Emilio Colombo, a firm believer in land reform and one of the party's rising young stars. He had something for the left wing, too: the Ministry of Transport, given to Armando Angelini, an ally of Italian President Giovanni Gronchi.

"Segni's government," explained one top Christian Democrat, "is a government of truce between the factions of the Christian Democratic Party."

In all, ten of Scelba's ministers kept their old jobs, including Foreign Minister Gaetano Martino, a Liberal; Budget Minister Ezio Vanoni, a Christian Democrat, and Vice Premier Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the non-Communist Socialists.

Summer Survival. Since summertime in Italy, when Parliament is in recess, is no time for overthrowing governments, Segni's coalition should survive for a while, even though it rests on a delicate balancing of opposites and a narrow 16-vote majority in the lower house.

One of Segni's first acts was to greet the wandering minstrel of neutralism, Jawaharlal Nehru, and to put him straight on one point. "We in Italy," said Segni coolly, "are all for the Atlantic pact."

FRANCE

Man's Quest

(See Cover)

During the Commune, a fellow who was arrested cried: "But I have never dabbled in politics." "Precisely." And his head was broken.

—Malraux's *The Conquerors*

On a hot July day in 1789, a swarm of sweaty, shouting men armed with muskets, staves and pikes, stormed the grim Bastille, prison of French kings. The triumphant revolutionaries proudly drew up a Declaration of Rights "for all men, for all lands, for all times, and to give an example to the world." From that day, in the flood tide of the Enlightenment, France took to itself the role of custodian of liberty and torchbearer to mankind.

This week France celebrates Bastille Day once again, with a squeal of accordi-

losophes of the Enlightenment freely claimed (and were freely granted) credit for fomenting the Revolution. Victor Hugo was summarily exiled for 20 years for his support of the 1848 Revolution. François René de Chateaubriand, first proponent of Christian democracy, became Louis XVIII's Foreign Minister. Emile Zola rocked Europe with *J'accuse*, a defense of Dreyfus that was in fact an indictment of the established order.

Heir to this proud tradition, the intellectual in France today has the authority of a statesman or a guru. In the sidewalk cafés of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, crew-cut young French students hotly dispute the exact degree of "despair" advocated by Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre or his former disciple Albert Camus. Sometimes the great men themselves appear at the Café de Flore or the Deux Magots. When they do not, their movements, habits, tastes and idiosyncrasies are reported

Simone (*The Second Sex*) de Beauvoir, complained: "The U.S. is hard on intellectuals. Publishers, managers evaluate your brains with a critical and disgusted air, like an impresario asking a dancer to show her legs."

Hope & Despair. For 300 years, the great dialogue in France has been between Faith and Reason, between Pascal, Bosuet and Chateaubriand on one hand, Descartes, Voltaire, Rousseau on the other. That dialogue animated the 27-year correspondence between Poet-Diplomat Paul Claudel, an unswerving Catholic who never doubted God, and André Gide, the backslid Protestant who never doubted the individual—a controversy generally conducted in scrupulously courteous and self-centered letters, but frequently so agitated that one or the other broke off the correspondence. They ended by not speaking to each other.

In a France that professes to be 85% Catholic, the dialogue still goes on. The voice of Faith is still heard with respect. But the giant lens of history has projected the battle of good and evil into the political form of a cold war. The battle for men's souls is being fought in public places. "Happiness can no longer be individual, like prayer," admitted Mauriac, and turned to his column.

In the intellectual world of Paris, which is both hothouse and hotbed, the Catholics are often admired as novelists in spite of their message. For the dominant mood of St. Germain-des-Prés is Doubt, not Faith.

The Age of Enlightenment, with its faith in man's essential goodness, had been an age of hope: man freed from his chains was to progress irresistibly toward a better and better world. In the ruins left by World War II and all it taught of the evil in man, the Men of Reason became the Men of Despair. Cried Camus: "Confronted by Hitler's terror, what values did we have that could comfort us and which we could oppose to his negation? None. What was happening was coming from man himself. We could not deny it. We saw it confirmed every day . . . The world in which we had to live was an absurd world, and there was nothing else, no space in which we could take refuge."

On the boulevards, the fashionable word became Sartre's "existentialism." There were no values, man merely "existed," alone in a world where God was dead. The better man knew himself the worse he turned out to be. All he could do was to "free" himself from the absurd world by accepting the worst and going on. To them, "the revolutionary act" was the "free act *par excellence*," and the existentialists debated endlessly whether they should support the Communist Party. "Should I betray the proletariat to serve truth or betray truth in the name of the proletariat?" worried Sartre.

But for the moment at least, existentialism has spent its lien on philosophical fashion. Sartre, after writing one of the most effective anti-Communist plays



MALRAUX & BOYS AT HOME
Man is what he achieves.

ons in village squares, dancing in the streets, and a dazzling of fireworks over Paris. But in the Left Bank cafés of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, gravitational center for France's intellectuals, there is an uncertain note in the gaiety. In the grave and troubled summer of 1955, France is unsure of itself and of its mission.

The Mandarins. Far more than in any other country, this mission has been fashioned neither by its statesmen nor its soldiers but by its intellectuals. In their time of greatness, they have made Europe an intellectual colony of France. For almost two centuries, France has acted as the conscience of Europe, its intellectuals the shapers of that troubled conscience.

French intellectuals have taken their responsibilities seriously, if not always solemnly. Voltaire was flogged for his impertinence and thrown into the Bastille itself for his political gibes. The phi-

losophes of the Enlightenment freely claimed (and were freely granted) credit for fomenting the Revolution. Victor Hugo was summarily exiled for 20 years for his support of the 1848 Revolution. François René de Chateaubriand, first proponent of Christian democracy, became Louis XVIII's Foreign Minister. Emile Zola rocked Europe with *J'accuse*, a defense of Dreyfus that was in fact an indictment of the established order.

Heir to this proud tradition, the intellectual in France today has the authority of a statesman or a guru. In the sidewalk cafés of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, crew-cut young French students hotly dispute the exact degree of "despair" advocated by Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre or his former disciple Albert Camus. Sometimes the great men themselves appear at the Café de Flore or the Deux Magots. When they do not, their movements, habits, tastes and idiosyncrasies are reported

Simone (*The Second Sex*) de Beauvoir, complained: "The U.S. is hard on intellectuals. Publishers, managers evaluate your brains with a critical and disgusted air, like an impresario asking a dancer to show her legs."



E. Kommerman—Pix
MAURIAUC



Korsh, Ottawa from Pix
CAMUS



GIDE AGIP



CLAUDEL AGIP

If there is no God, what is to be done with a soul?

(*Dirty Hands*), lapsed into the security, not of the church, but of the Communist Party line. His most gifted colleague, gentle, ailing Novelist Camus (*The Plague*), parted from him. "For a faraway city of which I am not sure, I will not strike the faces of my brothers," he wrote, and disowned Communism.

The Man of Action. In these debates, one notable intellectual stands apart. He is André Malraux, a remote figure never seen in the cafés but constantly quoted there. Though he chooses seclusion, Malraux is the man who, supremely among his contemporaries, has lived the challenges of his troubled times, participated in the bloody angles of recent history. The best use a man can make of his life, Malraux proclaimed, is "by converting as wide a range of experience as possible." While the cafés debate the struggles between idealism and revolution, Malraux lived them. He has helped organize Communist strikes in China, fought the Fascists in Spain, listened while assassinations were hatched for "political" good, arrived with conspirators, joked with hunted men. He is that ideal of French intellectualism, *l'homme engagé*, the man of thought who is a man of action, living his ideas.

Malraux's life is a saga of modern godless man in search of himself. He has lived it more intensely, explored it more actively, expressed it more eloquently than any of his contemporaries. Still in his teens, he left his Roman Catholic faith; since then he has been a religious man in search of a religion. The search has carried him wherever men's souls were tried in war, wherever men's souls were expressed in art. He calls it the search for "the honor of being a man." Always he poses the humanist's anguished question: What is to be done with a soul, if there is neither God nor Christ?

His driven search has been no inner exploration of himself. It is an outward search for man's greatness. His interest is Man in a world of facts and action, the world's heroes, not its spiritual cripples or its Freudian oddities. To psychiatry's claim, "Man is what he hides, a wretched little pile of secrets," Malraux returns a

proud answer, "Man is what he achieves."

"It is not by ceaselessly scraping away at the individual that you discover the man," he insists. "Self-examination does not teach us about man, but merely about the man who is in the habit of examining himself."

Dark, dramatic, with deep-set eyes burning in a gaunt face, at 53 Malraux has the looks proper to a hero, the talk proper to a genius. His ideas gush out in a torrent that overwhelms friends. His talk ranges from obscure Japanese painters to customs of American Indians, from Swiss primitives to Buddhist philosophers. He has argued Communism with Trotsky, Hinduism with Nehru. In his dazzling transitions and far-flung references, he is a conversational wonder of the world, made the more difficult to follow by his nervous facial tics and a constant snuffling into his hand caused by lifelong asthma. "He is too intelligent for me," his brilliant old friend, André Gide, once confessed in admiration.



Paris Match
MADAME MALRAUX

All art is a revolt against man's fate.

Defiance of Death. Malraux's view of life begins with the bitter recognition of man's mortality. He is much obsessed with death. "You know as well as I do that life is meaningless," says one of his characters. "Death is always there, you understand, like a standing proof of the absurdity of life."

Malraux's image of life, *La Condition Humaine*, is drawn from Pascal: "Imagine a large number of men in chains, and all condemned to death, every day some of them being butchered before the eyes of others, and others seeing their own plight in the plight of their fellows . . . This is the picture of man's estate." Pascal found the defiance of man's absurdity in *Faith*. Malraux cannot, though all his life long he has wistfully acknowledged its power for others. "Certainly there is a higher faith: that proclaimed by all the village crosses," he wrote. "It is love, and peace is in it. I will never accept it; I will never bow to ask of it the peace to which my weakness beckons me."

Malraux found man's greatness to be defiance of man's fate. The real defeat was "having to accept one's destiny, one's place in the world, to feel shut up in a life there's no escaping, like a dog in a kennel." The drive to "at last attain something beyond, something outside himself" is Malraux's "warrant for release from man's estate." "If man is not ready to risk his life, where is his dignity?" demands Malraux.

Turning Life to Account. Originally Flemish, the Malraux family were for 300 years shipbuilders at Dunkirk. André Malraux's grandfather was a fierce little man who for 22 years attended Mass kneeling on the ground outside, in rain or wind, because of a quarrel with the church authorities. He had a prejudice against insurance, and when a storm sank his whole fishing fleet off Newfoundland, the Malraux family fortune was wiped out. André was brought up by his mother, who ran a small grocery shop in a Paris suburb. Though legend has it that he attended two "institutes," the institutes have no record of him. Malraux, ever willing to foster the legend of himself, has always refused to supply detailed data on his personal

life. But somehow he acquired a vast knowledge of archaeology, art and ancient cultures. Already, he had begun to chafe at the bourgeoisie's world of "fact, ordered by no transcendence, and subjecting them to nothing," and yearned to "leave a scar on the face of the earth."

To the general astonishment, he persuaded the French government to authorize him, at the age of 22, to conduct an expedition to an unexplored area of Cambodia, where he had deduced that 1,000-year-old Khmer statues still lay undiscovered along the ancient Royal Way to Angkor Vat. In 1923, he and his first wife, Clara Goldschmidt, plunged into Cambodia's jungles, found the statues, and lugged them out on oxcarts. The French colonial authorities promptly impounded them as historical monuments, and put

uprising in 1927. Between revolutions, he wandered the world, from India to Japan, from Central Asia to the U.S., to see and judge the masterpieces of the world's oldest cultures, put his findings into art books which he edited for the famed Paris publishers Gallimard.

Dagger with Talent. Out of his revolutionary adventuring, Malraux forged his novels and his ideas. The 1933 publication of *La Condition Humaine* (a best-seller in the U.S. under the title *Man's Fate*) broke upon the intellectual world like a revolutionist's bomb. Its theme was the 1927 revolt of the Chinese Communists in Shanghai, when they tried to wrest the city from foreign control, only to die when Chiang Kai-shek turned on them and bloodily suppressed their strike. Its intellectual revolutionists spoke of

rowed or bought from anywhere and everywhere, some so inadequate that bombs were dropped by hand through toilet holes and gunners defended themselves by firing pistols at antiaircraft fire. The planes were flown by a motley crew of hired mercenaries, anarchists, Communists and dedicated idealists (anti-Nazi Germans, anti-Fascist Italians, English and French). Malraux himself flew 65 missions, crashed twice.

His last planes shot up, Malraux rushed off to the U.S., scoured the country from New York to Hollywood raising money and exhorting intellectuals to join Spain's anti-Fascist fight. If they lived, he said, their writing would be the better for the experience; if they died, their deaths would be more vital documents than anything they could write from an ivory tower.

Hallowed Deaths. In his novels of that period, Malraux preached that men's willingness to die for a cause gave their lives meaning. "Men who are joined together in a common hope, a common quest, have access, like men whom love unites, to regions they could never reach left to themselves." The problem, said Malraux, is human dignity. "Man can have no pride if he doesn't know why he is working." His heroes die, but each dies for "what in his time was charged with the deepest meaning and the greatest hope . . . a death saturated with this brotherly quavering, an assembly of the vanquished in which future multitudes would recognize their martyrs, a bloody legend of which the golden legends are made."

His heroes were international revolutionaries vagabonds. Often they were Communists, and at first Malraux saw in Communism something which gave "dignity back to all those I fight with." In the 1930s, the Communists claimed Malraux as their own. Malraux wrote a pro-Communist novel (*Days of Wrath*), went to Moscow several times, with Gide carried a protest to Hitler against the conviction of Bulgarian Communist Georgi Dimitrov for the Reichstag fire.

But Malraux was concerned with man's greatness, not with the "masses," however oppressed. "I don't like mankind," said one of his characters gloomily. "I don't even like the poor for whom, after all, I am going to fight." As an idealist, he was from the first at odds with the professional Communists. When Trotsky complained that his individualistic heroes needed "a good dose of Marxism," Malraux bristled, retorted that he was not concerned with collective action, but with the tragic men caught up in the stress of revolution.

Malraux put up with the Communists during the Spanish civil war. They were necessary, he conceded, "to organize the apocalypse." But his characters in his best-selling *Man's Hope* asked whether "to give them economic freedom you've got to have a system which will enslave them politically?"

The day of disillusionment was at hand. His friend Gide came back from Russia



SARTRE ENTERTAINING RUSSIA'S ILYA EHRENBURG
Should truth be betrayed for the proletariat?

Tele-Photo

Malraux on trial for trying to remove them. His wife rushed back to France, succeeded in getting an impressive list of important writers to protest his arrest. His trial was dropped, and the saturnine young man returned to France as the dashing hero of a *cause célèbre*. The Malraux legend was launched, and Malraux was well pleased. "A break in the established order is never the work of chance," he declared. "It is the outcome of a man's resolve to turn life to account."

Soon Malraux was back in Indo-China, seeking fresh testing places for his soul, and "something outside himself" in revolutions. He organized the "Young Annam" movement, then moved on to Canton. There he met Mikhail Borodin, Russian adviser to China's revolutionaries. Malraux in 1925 helped organize the Canton general strike aimed at British Hong Kong and directed propaganda for the Communist wing of the Kuomintang. He lingered on in China, was probably in Shanghai shortly after the Communist

revolution as lyrically as a mystical communion, a tragic but glorious experience which transfigured men. It made his generation aware of a new kind of contemporary hero, the "engaged man," at grips with the vital issues of history. It won the Prix Goncourt, and Gide described it as "panting with an anguish almost unbearable." Cried François Mauriac: "Here is a youth who since adolescence has been moving against society, a dagger in his hand, and who to stab it has sought out its most vulnerable point, in Asia . . . But look! He has talent, more talent than any other youth of his age."

Literary Paris lionized the young man with the dark forelock drooping over his incandescent eyes and talking, always talking "as if he were pursued." Two days after the Spanish civil war broke out, Malraux dashed off to join the Loyalists, explaining, "I am always more comfortable in a revolution than in a salon." There he organized and ran the *España* squadron, a collection of ancient planes begged, bor-

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declaring: "Russia is not what we thought." After the Soviet-Nazi pact, Malraux announced bitterly: "What I wanted to defend for 20 years could not be defended by Communism."

Fighting for France. When the Nazis marched into France, Malraux volunteered as private in the tank corps. For the first time, at the age of 38, he was fighting for his own bourgeois country. His war record was as dashing as a hero would wish. He was captured, escaped to unoccupied France dressed in an artisan's clothes, carrying planks on his shoulder. Soon he was working with the Resistance. As a start, he dynamited locomotives, intermittently returning to writing. By 1944 he had become "Colonel Berger," in command of 1,500 men in the southwest of France. He was riding in a car with several rescued British parachutists when he fell into a German ambush; to let the British escape, he ran across a field to draw German fire, was shot in the thigh, ran on until other shots brought him down.

Interrogated by a "priest" while lying bleeding on the floor of a hotel, Malraux still had the strength to engage him in a theological argument over St. Augustine; the man's ignorance of philosophy convinced Malraux that he was no priest but an S.S. officer seeking information. The Germans also tried standing him up against a wall and telling him he was to be executed. Malraux wheeled around to face death. The Germans did not fire.

Freed when the retreating Germans did not take their prisoners with them, he went back to command a Resistance brigade in the Vosges mountains. When he asked a French regular army commander if there was anything his guerrillas could do in an impending attack on Dannemarie, the colonel said yes, could he find some young fellow to blow up the locomotive of a Nazi armored train stationed there. "I'll do it if you like," said Malraux, and did.

At war's end, Malraux became Minister of Information in the brief Provisional government of General Charles de Gaulle. When De Gaulle retired in disgust, Malraux retired with him, disillusioned with the inefficiency of France's bureaucracy. "To know how foul it really is," said Malraux, "one must be in it, one must be married to it, and be frustrated by it as a man is by a wife with whom he is hopelessly coupled."

The Gaullist Adventure. Many of his admirers could not understand why the former Communist sympathizer turned to Gaullism, overleaping all the moderate positions in between. Many put it down to a Malrauvian need for heroes. Malraux himself insists: "It is not I who have changed, but events."

The alliance with De Gaulle was more natural than might appear. Both men—the devout Catholic De Gaulle, the devout humanist Malraux—were deeply conscious of the need for a new mission for France; both were deeply disillusioned by the powerlessness of the French parliamentar-

ianism which had supinely handed over power to a Pétain, and was now supine before the challenge of liberation. While De Gaulle brooded in the background, Malraux was the most eloquent voice of the Gaullist R.P.F.

"The R.P.F. is either a revolution or it is nothing," Malraux proclaimed. "If six months after we come to power we have not given the workers so much better a life that even the Communists cannot deny it, then the General and I will probably be shot—and deserve to be." He scorned those who talked of parliamentary liberalism at a time when the Communists were the largest single party in the French National Assembly. "No real democracy can exist where the Communist Party is



PARIS MATCH
MALRAUX IN THE MAQUIS
Death is always there.

strong," he said. "Kicking over the checkers is not just a peculiar way of playing checkers."

Gaulle reached its peak in 1951, has since steadily disintegrated as De Gaulle has retired farther into the shadows of his retreat in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. Malraux visits him faithfully, has recently been representing him in informal conferences looking toward the formation of a new non-Communist Left, centered around ex-Premier Mendès-France. "Today France is saturated with lies, hypocrisy, empty promises," says Malraux. "In the absence of an ideology, she awaits the political leader who will adopt a philosophy of concrete action."

Art the Affirmation. It is not in politics but in art that Malraux now seeks a purpose for man. He is engaged in editing a huge, 40-volume series on the world's art. In *Voices of Silence* (1953), a massive synthesis of all the world's arts, which is really an ambitious philosophical work, he proclaimed: "A man becomes truly Man only when in quest of what is most exalted in him. True arts and cultures relate Man

to duration, sometimes to eternity, and make of him something other than the most favored denizen of a universe founded on absurdity. Each hero, saint or sage stands for a victory over the human situation. All art is a revolt against man's fate."

It is perhaps a strange place for this onetime revolutionary to be celebrating revolt, yet Malraux's concern with art precludes his concern with politics. And in art he finds affirmation. It is not an affirmation likely to satisfy those who have found faith in God, but it has carried Malraux, in his search for an earthbound meaning, beyond the gloomy bogs in which Sartre flounders. To the existentialists' obsession with man's degradation Malraux again proposes man's essential greatness. "The greatest mystery is not that we have been flung at random between the profusion of the earth and the galaxy of the stars, but that in this prison we can fashion images of ourselves sufficiently powerful to deny our nothingness."

Monsters & Heroes. Today Malraux broods like a far-off Jupiter in Paris' Boulogne-sur-Seine, where he lives with his third wife and their three boys (his first marriage ended in divorce, his second wife was killed in a railroad accident at war's end) in an apartment furnished with Khmer statues, Hopi Kachina dolls, modern paintings, and a piano which both he and his wife play. Last week in a chat with TIME's Correspondent André Laguerre, one of the few interviews he has given in ten years, he explained his present views. He did so with his customary lucidity: "We have to find in our civilization the equivalent of the profound concept of man, valid for all men, which each great religion has elaborated."

"Science proposes an image of the cosmos, not of man. The image of man as it existed in the great Christianity has lost weight. Religion still exists, but is no longer the aquarium: men are no longer swimming in it. Psychoanalysis has revealed to us only our monsters—those of each and those of humanity. It is not certain that our civilization can rediscover the heroes, and found on them its exemplary image of man . . . Only the future will tell us whether the nations obsessed by the future—the U.S. and Russia—are better armed to reconquer the earth's past than the Europe of the Cathedrals."

"Ours is the first civilization searching for man which does not understand itself. The first to inherit the whole world, the first whose past is not a particular path but the mysterious adventure of mankind. This is particularly emphasized by the U.S. . . . In all history, the U.S. is the first country to become one of the masters of the world without having tried. But the most powerful civilization the world has ever known, that of the whole West, has been incapable of inventing either a temple or a tomb."

"Our era is thus the first which poses civilization as a problem—which asks itself, what is civilization? This is a great adventure of the spirit. The image it re-

calls is of a man advancing not in the light, but in the night, lit up only by the torch he bears in his hand."

This is the place to which this tormented, restless man of intellect and of action has come in his quest through the godless pantheon of the Enlightenment. To André Malraux, man's hope, often betrayed, always risen again, is still in man. It is a gallant position, but perilously exposed, and Malraux seems to know it. "The next century's task will be," says Malraux, "to rediscover its gods."

Overwhelming Yes

After years of tension and months of negotiations with Tunisia's determined Nationalists, the French government of Premier Edgar Faure last week made good the promise given to one of its restless protectorates a year ago by his predecessor, Pierre Mendès-France. At the end of three days' debating—joined in for the first time since he left office by Assemblyman Mendès-France himself—France's National Assembly overwhelmingly approved the government proposal to grant Tunisia internal self-government in gradual stages over the next 20 years. Even the Communists did an unexpected turnaround, tossing their 98 Assembly votes in on the government side and leaving only the extreme right in opposition. The vote: 540 for Tunisian home rule, 43 against. "The time of colonialism is finished," exulted Faure.

WEST GERMANY

Buddies

At the British military barracks in West Germany's Duisburg back in 1953, there were no closer buddies than handsome, strapping (6 ft. 3 in.) Sergeant Frederick Emmett-Dunne and happy-go-lucky little (5 ft. 1 in.) Sergeant Reginald Watters. If Sergeant Emmett-Dunne seemed overly interested in Sergeant Watters' pretty German wife Maria, an ex-nightclub singer, nobody seemed to mind less most of the time than Sergeant Watters himself. Nobody seemed to mind less, that is, until the night of Nov. 30, 1953. That night Sergeant Emmett-Dunne and another soldier found Sergeant Watters hanging by the neck from a bannister in one of the barracks.

Emmett-Dunne himself broke the sad news to Maria, and helped assuage her grief. When the official verdict of suicide came through, barrack gossips were quick to blame the suicide on the close friendship of the dead Watters' buddy and wife. But an official army investigator named Sergeant Frank Walters was bothered by the suicide verdict. It was Walters' simple opinion that cocky Sergeant Watters was just not the suicidal type.

Remembered Suspicion. In the time-honored manner of fictional detectives, Sergeant Walters filed away his suspicions for future reference, finished his hitch in the army, and eventually joined the London police force. Early last summer, he learned that Sergeant Frederick Emmett-

Dunne and the widow Watters had been married, seven months after Watters' death. His suspicions were re-awakened; he took them over to army intelligence. The result was a hurried order to British headquarters in Duisburg to exhume the dead sergeant's body. At this point another figure appeared on the scene: Sergeant Emmett-Dunne's half-brother Ronald, onetime private at Duisburg, Quaking with fear, brother Ronald turned up at police headquarters with a tale of hanky-panky in the darkness that led to the prompt arrest of Sergeant Emmett-Dunne. The charge: first-degree murder.

A Judo Trick. Fortnight ago, before a British military court in Düsseldorf, his dress uniform at the waist with medals earned in three services,⁶ the handsome sergeant readily admitted killing his friend, and straining him up on the bannister with the help of his brother. But, he insisted, he had killed only in self-defense. His buddy,



European

EMMETT-DUNNE & WIFE

A tale of hanky-panky in the darkness. he claimed, had threatened him with a gun, and to protect his life, Dunne had used a judo trick learned in the commandos: a smashing blow with the edge of his hand against Watters' larynx. Why, then, had he called in his brother to help fake a suicide? Sudden panic at finding his assailant dead, said Sergeant Emmett-Dunne. "I was only going to stun him."

For nine days, while banner headlines in the London press blared forth the details of the latest crime of passion (20 British and ten German reporters covered the proceedings), the seven-man army court considered Emmett-Dunne's story. Last week, dismissing the plea of self-defense, it found the sergeant guilty as charged, and "the court sentences the ac-

⁶ The merchant navy, the Royal Marines (he was twice torpedoed off the Dutch coast), the Irish Guards (wounded three times at Anzio).

cused to suffer death by hanging." "I have nothing to say," murmured Emmett-Dunne as he stood before his judges with neck twitching and muscles tense.

Then he was led away to a base prison camp, where he was allowed to see Maria, who had stoutly insisted in court that she had not loved the big Irish sergeant when he was her late husband's buddy. But, she added, she loves him now.

CHINA

"Decades of Effort"

Like its senior partner Russia, Red China is caught in an economic dislocation between its vast ambitions and its limited means. Peking admitted as much one day last week, when 1,105 delegates to the National People's Congress assembled in the Hall of the Benevolent Heart to be told what they should unanimously approve for the next twelve months.

The Congress opened with what Peking Radio called a "thunderous standing ovation" for Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai. That done, the delegates listened to a mournful recitation of China's economic woes by Chief Planner Li Fu-chun. Nearly three years after the announcement of his Five Year Plan, Li confessed that his grandiose project to remake China in the image of Soviet Russia by 1957 was hardly worth the paper it was written on.

The Five Year Plan proper did not get going at all until last February, two years behind schedule. "This was because of . . . our lack of experience in drawing up long-term plans and our very inadequate experience in construction work," explained Planner Li. With the "wholehearted, disinterested and fraternal assistance of the Soviet Union," the plan had been revised and brought "closer to reality." In practice, Li admitted, this meant a drastic reduction in many of the fanciful targets he set in 1952.

Back to the Caves. Peking has already slashed its planned expansion of the textile industry by \$360 million, of railroads by \$270 million, of its fuel industry by \$45 million. Building standards for homes and offices must be "resolutely lowered," warned the official *People's Daily*. After all, added *People's Daily*, as if to explain everything, Chairman Mao spent eleven years of his life living in a cave at Yenan.

Last week Planner Li ordered even more drastic cutbacks, especially in agriculture. The target for grain output in 1957 will be lowered by 12%. Instead of driving one-half of China's peasants into collective farms in the next 2½ years, Peking will be content to drive only one-third of them. But let no one imagine that this means any letup in the drive to collectivization, said Li Fu-chun. "China's small peasant economy" must be abolished and replaced with "collective farming."

"The anarchy of capitalism" must also be wiped out by "socialist industrialization." In the next 2½ years, Li told the People's Congress, China's heavy industry

must almost double itself. In Chinese terms, and in effort required, this is an onerous request. But it will not make Red China an industrial giant. Li's specific targets for 1957:

Steel: 4,100,000 tons—1/25th of current U.S. output.

Coal: 113 million tons—half that of Britain.

Electricity: 16 billion kilowatt-hours, far less than Norway's.

Fifty Years to Go. Many of the big new plants promised at last week's Congress are to be built in the mountainous interior, as far away as possible from U.S. bomber bases. Among them, Planter Li expects to develop atomic-energy plants, built with "direct Soviet aid." Red China also plans to keep on spending far more than it can afford on guns, tanks and planes, "because the imperialists are still encircling China, and she must . . . liberate Taiwan." Hidden in Peking's budget for 1955 was a sizable increase in arms spending.

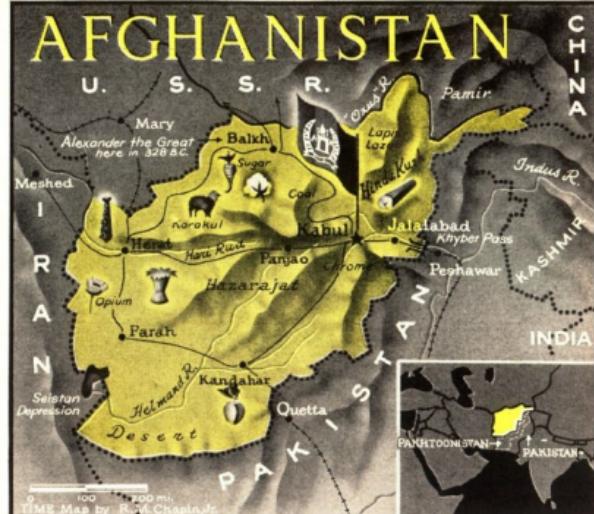
How long will it take to achieve the "socialist transformation" of the Chinese economy? Li's answer was ominous: "In perhaps 15 years of intense work and arduous construction, we may, in the main, achieve a Socialist society, but to build a powerful country with a high degree of Socialist industrialization requires decades of effort—say 40 to 50 years, or the whole second-half of this century."

AFGHANISTAN

The Poor Goat

Like a tortoise shell on Asia's back, Afghanistan lies athwart the spiny Hindu Kush mountains, sloping northward to the Oxus River and Russia, eastward to the Khyber Pass. Perhaps no land has been so trodden upon by history and yet kept its independence. Darius, Alexander, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Babur all invaded it. In the 19th century the British Empire, following a northwesterly course, approached the Hindu Kush and southward-marching Russians. In the end, Britain and the Czars, fearful of what might happen if their armies met, agreed to keep Afghanistan as a buffer state. Chafed Afghanistan's Amir Abdur Rahman: "This poor goat, Afghanistan, is a victim at which a lion on one side and a terrible bear from the other side are staring and ready to swallow."

The lion has since gone away, but the bear has not. Left on its own, the goat has been dreaming dreams of grandeur. Recalling Afghanistan's big moment in history, when the 18th century's Ahmad Shah made himself first King of the nomadic Afghan tribes and conquered all of northern India, Afghans still dream of spreading out once again. Last week Afghanistan's King Mohammed Zahir Shah rode solemnly through Kabul's dusty, unpaved streets to the Shora-e-Milli (House of Representatives). There he urged his acquiescent Parliament to support the revolts of the Pathan tribes across the border in Pakistan, who are



flesh and blood of King Zahir's own royal family. The British, in their old boundary-drawing days, had once separated the fierce Pathans (or Pakhtoons) from Afghanistan. Since the British never subdued them, say Pathan agitators, Pakistan has no right to claim their lands as a legacy from the British. "Pakhtoonistan," King Zahir told his Parliament last week, "remains a basic demand of Afghanistan."

Talk with Molotov. All this puffing up by the goat would not much matter were it not for the "terrible bear" to the north. Three years ago, backward^o Afghanistan would not have dared to make demands on bigger and well-armed Pakistan. At that time Afghanistan was governed by two of the King's pro-Western uncles. Then Daoud Shah, brother-in-law of the King, began to get ambitious. In Moscow for Stalin's funeral, Daoud talked to Molotov long and earnestly. Six months later, backed by army leaders, Daoud ousted the King's uncles, installed himself as Prime Minister and named his brother Naim as Foreign Minister.

At Daoud's invitation, shoals of Russians arrived in Kabul with new offers of economic aid. Their plans contrasted with the U.S.'s aid program, which, at Afghan request, has been concentrated on building remote dams in the southern desert. The Russians built highways, silos and oil-storage tanks—works which few Afghans could fail to note. Besides, said one Russian confidently, "the roads, gasoline and grain will be useful to our armies when they march."

o Afghanistan's 12 million people, in a country the size of Texas, have no railroads, no free press, no labor unions, no political parties, two movie theaters. Only 5% of the nation's land is cultivated.

Daoud also made friendly contact with the Pathan independence leader in West Pakistan, frail, bearded, lumbago-plagued Mirza Ali, also known as the Fakir of Ipi. The Fakir of Ipi's impetuous followers, who love their girls second only to their guns and woo them with a ditty which begins, "Your eyes are two loaded pistols," thereupon increased their pressure on the Karachi government. By now, Prime Minister Daoud, expanding his notion of Pakhtoonistan to include more than half of West Pakistan, was demanding all the territory west of the Indus River, right down to the Arabian Sea.

Stewed Fruit. Irrked by this Pakhtoon foolery, Pakistan last week effectively closed the historic Khyber Pass, through which passes 80% of Afghanistan's external trade, including shipments to the U.S. of pistachio nuts, wool, and karakul fur (which becomes "Persian lamb" on Manhattan's Seventh Avenue). At the pass, Pakistani customs stopped grape, peach and pomegranate-laden trucks and told them to await clearance from Karachi—which, they blandly confided, would "take some time." While the truckers fretted, the fruit rotted.

At this point, another country got into the act. India, which has its own grievances against Pakistan, prepared to set up an airlift from Amritsar over the Khyber Pass to Kabul. The ambitious Afghans were grateful, but even more gratified by a handsome offer from the Russians: a five-year transit guarantee for their goods. Glowed Afghanistan's Foreign Minister Naim: "If one door is slammed shut and another is opened, we will go through it." After 100 years, the Russian bear's long vigil on the Oxus was beginning to pay off.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

STATE OF THE NATION: CALM, POWERFUL, UNITED

RENE MACCOLL, in the London DAILY EXPRESS, after a swing around the U.S.:

THE mood of America has changed completely since February. In one of the greatest transformations that even the mercurial U.S.A. has ever provided, America today is calmer, more moderate—and more quietly self-confident than at any time since the war.

Gone the jitters which formerly hung in the rather feverish atmosphere. Gone the talk of "inevitable" war and calamity which until the other day was apt to lace nearly every conversation. Gone the talk of recessions, and depressions just around that corner. Today the mood everywhere is mild. But it is the mildness of the strong man who has little to fear. Often in the past, Washington has appeared out of step with public opinion on vital questions. But today there is striking unanimity of opinion between Americans and their Government on the great issues of the time.

Prosperity is vast and growing vaster. Nobody seems to be left out of it. Eisenhower is very much to the people's liking. By hard work, drive, and an elasticity of approach rather rare in a professional soldier, he has fashioned himself into a highly effective President. His honesty and good will, as well as his strength, are there for all to see. American power and prosperity are a familiar story. But the miracle is within the mind. The giant has lost his jitters.

EISENHOWER HAS BROUGHT NEW ERA OF GOOD FEELING

Columnist JOSEPH ALSOP:

ANYONE who now takes stock of the national situation must first of all write down 1955 as the year when the Eisenhower administration found itself, and the American political process got back on the rails. It was like discovering a new country, to return to America after an absence of six months. The venom, the suspicion, the hatred that had so long been poisoning American political life, were purged and gone. The severs of our politics were no longer running in the streets.

The Congress, after all but abandoning legislation in favor of investigation, had once again become a legislative body. Public debate, after remaining for years at the level of a mudslinging exchange of personal accusations, had once again become reasoned and sober and factual.

Partly, this immensely healthy change in the tone of American politics has to be attributed to Democratic Congress-

sional leaders bent on proving their responsibility. Yet the key figure is still President Eisenhower. For the Democrats would never be so much on their good behavior if they did not feel a respect almost approaching awe for the President's standing before the country. And the President himself was the first to set the new tone in which the other parties to our political dialogue are at last responding to him.

Eisenhower, then, has got what he wanted from the first. He now presides over a new and desperately needed era of good feelings.

PUBLIC POWER FIGHT A GOOD 1956 ISSUE

Columnist DAVID LAWRENCE:

WHAT constitutes a good political issue—and which party is right in appraising the mood of the American people? This question has just been crystallized by the attitude taken by both parties toward the problem of government ownership of all electric power facilities. In Britain the public ownership fever, known as "nationalization," has about run its course. There are evidently leaders of the Democratic party who think they can strike pay dirt in the issue of public power. What needs to be re-examined is how far the Democratic party wants to go in committing itself to government ownership as a principle in national policy. The Democrats are toying openly with ideas of state socialism—they are still the radical party in America—and a showdown on such issues would be a healthy thing to bring about in the 1956 Presidential and Congressional campaign.

THE U.S. UNDERSELLS ITS ECONOMIC SYSTEM

The National Catholic Welfare Conference's MSGR. GEORGE G. HIGGINS:

AMERICAN management would be well advised, if only for the sake of America's reputation abroad, to distinguish more clearly in its propaganda between "capitalism" on the one hand and the present-day American economic system on the other. "Capitalism" has a bad reputation in Europe and Asia, deservedly so in many cases. Consequently, to advertise and to glorify our own economic system as "capitalism," without at the same time making a lot of distinctions and sub-distinctions, is, again, to play into the hands of the enemy. The American system has a number of weaknesses and imperfections, but surely it is much better in every respect than "capitalism" in the sense in which that word is understood or misunderstood in many

parts of the world. It ought to be possible to make this point clear in our propaganda.

But in a recent pamphlet distributed by the United States Information Service in France, under the title "The American Economy, Beyond Capitalism," the statement is made that the American system "is no longer capitalism." Shortly after, the U.S.I.S. hastened to explain to the press that what the pamphlet really meant to say was that capitalism is dead in the United States, but merely that the United States has evolved a new and dynamic form of capitalism to replace the type we knew in the 19th century.

We are willing to settle for that if it is the best, or the most, that can be said by a government agency in the political climate of 1955. But let's say it loud enough for the rest of the world to hear.

DESEGREGATION MEANS MORE RACIAL CLASHES

The JACKSON DAILY NEWS, Mississippi's second largest daily:

TELL the average Northerner that if integration is made effective in public schools, it will be followed by demands for integration in churches, in fraternities, in society—in other words, complete social equality—and that Northerner will give you a smile of derision or disbelief.

Nevertheless, that is what the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is even now demanding, and it is backed in the demand by the ever-increasing active forces of the Communist party.

Northerners who can see no harm in white and colored children going to the same schools ought to be looking ahead on this question. For them it will be as serious as it is now in the South—that is, unless they also favor intermarriage of races and complete mongrelization. The Negro is rapidly becoming a Northern as well as a Southern problem, even if Northerners do not recognize the fact. In Harlem alone there are now more Negroes than in any Southern city.

The cold truth about complete integration, both North and South, is that it would be the worst thing that could possibly happen to the Negro race. It would mean little Negro children coming home from school with complaints of being ignored, insulted, abused or beaten by white children. It would mean frequent racial clashes, not merely among children, but with adults of both races taking the active parts.

In days to come, the law-abiding Negroes of the nation will have good cause to curse the United States Supreme Court, as now constituted, for its segregation decision.



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How could you improve this picture?

Handsome as it is, there's one thing—something we can only hint at above—that would make this picture even more exciting, even more true to life. It's the third dimension—depth—which only stereo photography can give you.

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preciate the thrilling difference. Your Kodak dealer has some wonderful stereo color slides for you to see. When you look at them, you feel you could walk right into them...shake hands with the people, or pick up the fruit and eat it. They're *that* real!

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Plug-in model for house circuit has fine 2-element lenses, brightness control, focusing knob, adjustable eyepieces—\$23.75. Battery-powered model, with single-element lenses, \$12.75.

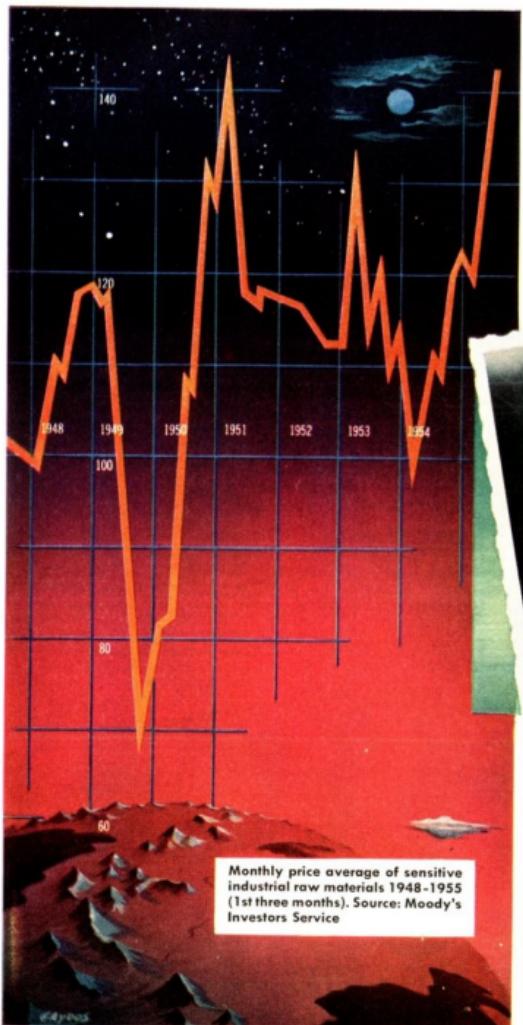
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Must industry profiteer during temporary shortages?



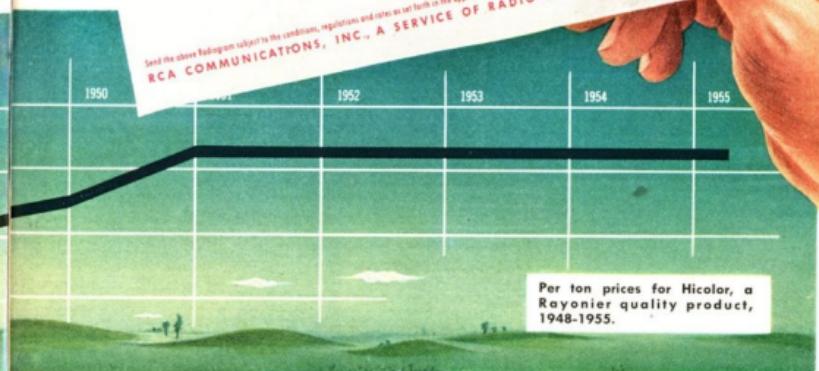
Most raw material prices fluctuate widely. Such factors as supply and demand, inflation, devaluation, often sheer speculation govern price. A typical price see-saw is shown at left.

Rayonier believes in the law of supply and demand. Nonetheless, we are impatient with the hamstringing of world industries with unjustified price increases during temporary or even contrived shortages.



As a leading chemical cellulose producer, we ask: Is it good business to boost prices without regard to product value merely because supply is short? Or penalize customers who must plan capital outlays, production schedules, marketing strategies months ahead of raw material purchases? "No."

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Fortunately, material and production costs for a world commodity like chemical cellulose need not fluctuate suddenly nor violently. Fortunately, too, Rayonier's production efficiency and control of its raw material resources permit the continuous lowering of effective costs by the historic American formula of providing products of

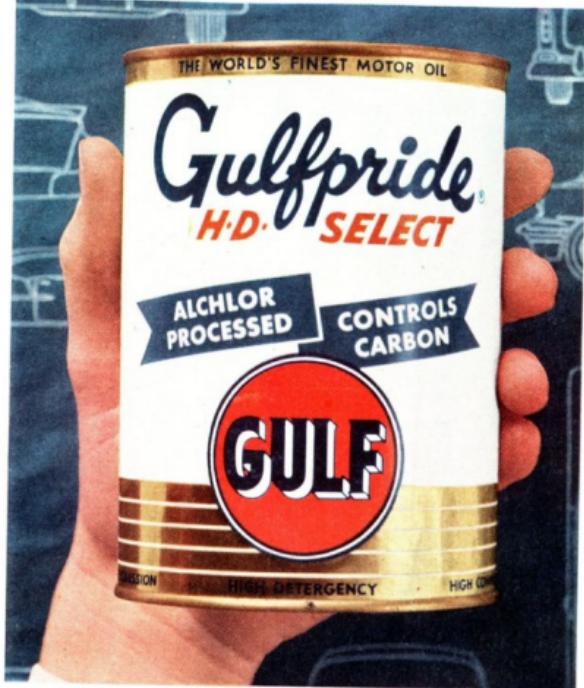
higher and higher quality with little or no price increase.

Whipsawing chemical cellulose prices in world markets is common. But Rayonier believes its policy of continually lowering the effective costs of using its products makes the only realistic contribution to both processor and ultimate consumer.

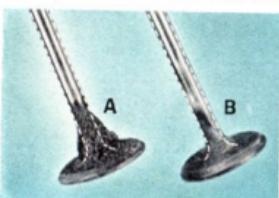
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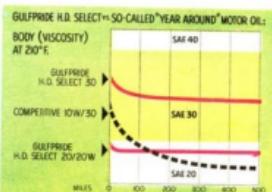
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See how Gulfpride H.D. Select holds its "body" (viscosity). This new oil contains no artificial thickeners that break down in service. But note how quickly a typical multi-viscosity 10W-30 oil starts to lose its body.

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The only motor oil super-refined by the Alchlor Process for modern high-compression engines.

New Gulfpride H.D. Select—made possible by Gulf's exclusive Alchlor Process—is available in three grades . . . to give today's high-compression engines the finest protection, the lowest oil consumption *in every season*.

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- **Combats corrosive acids**, rust and deposits that build up on engine parts. Keeps hydraulic valve lifters quiet and free-acting.
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- **Provides toughest protective film** ever developed in a motor oil . . . assures better engine protection for all cars under all driving conditions.

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New Gulfpride H.D. Select

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

After a stretch in a Parma jail, Italy's serious-minded Humorist **Giovanni (The Little World of Don Camillo) Guareschi**, sentenced to twelve months for libeling the late Premier Alcide de Gasperi, was sprung conditionally, time off for good behavior. Matter of principle: given a chance to ask for a cut in his sentence last October, Prisoner Guareschi, in no mood for apologies or parole pleas, politely declined the opening, doggedly stuck to his cell.

To spice up the evening appearances of youngish (50) Cinemactress **Marlene Dietrich** at a plush London nightclub, the resourceful management hit on the idea of dragging in a celebrity at each show to introduce Grandma Marlene. Last week's hit curtain-raiser was Liverpool's burly (208 lbs.), two-hourglass-figured (50 in., 40 in., 50 in.) Labor M.P. **Bessie Braddock** (TIME, May 9), honorary president (she says) of a professional boxers' association. Arriving from the House of Commons by bus, Bessie, togged in her usual drab blue suit, swayed past the club's haughty doormen, bounced inside to utter some dock-walloper pleasantries. To some of London's uppercrustiest, amazonian Mrs. Braddock announced: "I intend as a reciprocal arrangement to invite Miss Dietrich along to the House of Commons." Society patrons responded with a hoarse cheer so blatant that Marlene, entering in a bit of gossamer so diaphanous that Britain's press fears to publish photos of it, was scarcely no-



Associated Press
DIETRICH & BRADDOCK
Barely time to wash.

TIME, JULY 18, 1955



JUSTICE DOUGLAS IN THE PHILIPPINES*

A passage to India.

Associated Press

ticed. Later, Battling Bessie and Marlene chatted cozily. With no apologies for her proletarian garb, Bessie said: "I just had time to wash my face."

With a stern eye on juvenile delinquency and a strong hope of raising the physical standards of U.S. youth, a golfer named **Dwight Eisenhower** invited 32 sports leaders to come to the White House this week and help him plan how to lure more young Americans into competitive sports. Among those on the guest list: Golfer **Bobby Jones**, former Heavyweight Champion **Gene Tunney**, Army Football Coach **Earl Blaik**, Tennisstar **Tony Trabert**, Track Stars **Mal Whitfield** and **Wes Sanfee**, Light-Heavyweight Champion **Archie Moore**, National Baseball Commissioner **Ford Frick**, U.S. Women's Amateur Golf Champion **Barbara Romack**, Navy Football Coach **Eddie Erdelatz**, U.S. Open Golf Champion **Jack Fleck**, onetime U.S. Sculling Champion **John B. Kelly** (father of Oscar-winning Cinemactress **Grace Kelly**).

After nearly nine years of ostensibly happy though businesslike marriage, Publisher (*Look*) **Gardner Cowles**, 52, and his editor (*Flair*) wife, ex-Adwoman **Fleur Fenton Cowles**, surprised even their intimates by agreeing to "a very amiable, friendly separation . . . no immediate plans for divorce." A girl wonder at 16 (when she landed a \$100-a-week advertising job), Fleur recently signed a new three-year contract to stay on as associate editor of *Look*, will also remain as a director of Cowles Magazines, Inc.

At the Philippine town of San Luis, globe-trotting U.S. Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, on his way to law lectures in India and later a tour of the U.S.S.R., hustled through a government resettlement project for surrendered

Communist Huk rebels, paused in his picture-snapping to shake hands with the mother of Luis Taruc, onetime Huk boss now serving a twelve-year sentence. On hand with lei-draped Travelogist Douglas were Philippine President **Román Magsaysay** and U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines **Homer Ferguson**, former Republican Senator from Michigan, who wore the comfortable type of sport clothing that is popular dress in the islands.

Some four months before he died last year, Hungarian-born Movie Producer **Gabriel (Pygmalion, Major Barbara) Pascal**, 60, addressed a hand-written will to his great and good friend, Zaya Kingman-Speelman, wealthy and exotic Irish-Chinese widow of a Dutch banker, named her sole heiress. Last week New York's Court of Appeals held that the 19-word scrawl was valid, ruled out contesting claims of Pascal's brother and second wife. Big plum in Pascal's estate: sole movie rights to six plays of **George Bernard Shaw**—properties which could easily gross millions of dollars in film versions.

In Sweden's Amateur Grand Prix at Malmö, two of Europe's most glamorous gentlemen jockeys, **Prince Aly Khan** and R.A.F. Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, leading contender for the hand of Britain's **Princess Margaret**, thundered down the home stretch in the van of a field of 18 riders. The winner: Jockey Townsend, whose borrowed stallion coped the event by two lengths, took top money of \$300. In fourth place (six lengths and a nose behind Townsend): Aly Khan, whose mountainous fortune was swollen by a \$100 bagatelle. The prince sportingly said: "I'm fully satisfied."

* From left: President Magsaysay, Mrs. Taruc, Douglas, Ambassador Ferguson.

RELIGION

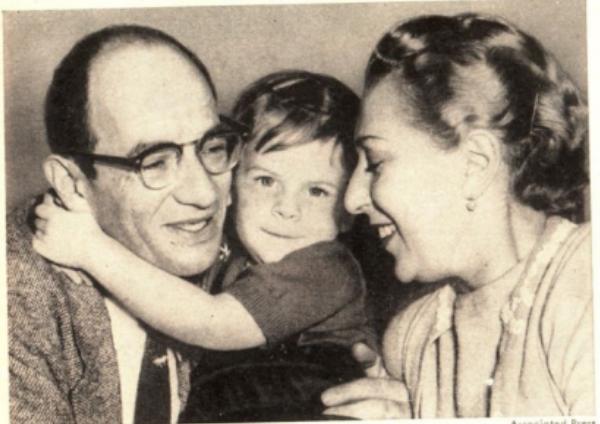
Fight for Hildy

In every city and town in Massachusetts last week, police searched for a blue-eyed, four-year-old girl whose name and face were familiar to newspaper readers across the U.S. Everyone knew that the youngster was safe, but no one could say that she had not been harmed. Hildy McCoy, born out of wedlock to a Roman Catholic mother, was the innocent victim of a bitter and poignant custody case. To avoid giving her up, her Jewish foster parents had hidden her in defiance of Massachusetts law.

Hildy was born in a Boston hospital in 1951 to Marjorie McCoy, a pretty, 21-year-old nursing student from Marblehead, Mass. Ten days after birth, she was

it is." Mrs. Ellis told a friend, "not to be able to go out except on Saturday nights like other parents"), gave the child solicitous attention in their comfortable suburban home. When the courts ruled against their adoption petition in 1953 and ordered Hildy returned to her mother, Hildy knew no other parents than the Ellises.

As the case dragged on for the next two years, Marjorie McCoy (who had since married and had another child) revealed that she wanted Hildy back only so that she could turn her over to the Catholic Charitable Bureau for adoption by a Catholic family. The Ellises refused to give up Hildy unless her mother would rear her herself, offered to bring her up as a Catholic if they could keep her. When the court



Associated Press

HILDY MCCOY & THE ELLISES
It's so nice to stay home at night.

taken by a childless Jewish couple, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Ellis of Brookline, Mass., who paid Marjorie's doctor and hospital bills and gave her \$150 for incidental expenses. According to the doctor who arranged the adoption, Marjorie McCoy was told that the Ellises were Jewish.

Is It Legal? Three weeks later, as she was about to sign a second set of papers, Marjorie declared that she had just discovered that the Ellises were Jewish, shortly afterwards demanded the return of the child so that she could be brought up a Catholic. Since Massachusetts law provides that "when practicable," an adopted child shall be given "only to persons of the same religious faith as . . . its mother," a state welfare agent called on the Ellises and warned them that the court would probably turn down their adoption petition.

The Ellises disregarded the warning, adjusted their lives to their new responsibilities ("I can't tell you how nice

refused their plea and issued an order for their arrest, they fled with Hildy.

Is It Christian? Last week, with his wife and Hildy still in hiding, Melvin Ellis, owner of a Boston dry-cleaning firm, returned to Brookline. "I'm not a willing hero or martyr," he told reporters, "but I'll do anything to help the child. I am prepared to go to jail, if necessary, [in] protest against [this] law and its administration." The court granted the Ellises a temporary reprieve from a contempt charge, ordered them to appear in court July 18. Meanwhile police continued their search for Hildy.

In predominantly Catholic Boston, as elsewhere, religious lines were disregarded in sharp, emotional discussions of the case. The *Pilot*, official newspaper of the Archdiocese of Boston, backed the 1950 law, pointed out that both Mr. and Mrs. Ellis had previously been divorced, accused them of "crass and contrived emotionalism." Obviously, the affair had been poor-

ly handled by both sides. But even those who felt that the Massachusetts law was a good one winced at its application. Said Gloucester District Judge Edward Morley, a Catholic, in a letter to the *Pilot*: "The essential problem at this . . . time is 'What is the best thing for this little four-year-old girl?' Certainly she is not responsible for her plight. Is it a Christian thing to destroy the love and affection which have grown up between the child and the only ones she has known as father and mother?"

With Steeple

The interfaith chapel of the U.S. Air Force Academy, to be constructed outside Colorado Springs, Colo., was designed, said its architects, to dominate the entire academy. After the U.S. public saw pictures of preliminary models—the chapel looked like a cross between an accordion and a caterpillar (*TIME*, May 23)—it became obvious that the building would also dominate the controversy over the academy's ultramodern architecture.

"An ugly duckling," said Colorado's Governor Edwin C. Johnson. Virginia's Democratic Senator A. Willis Robertson described it as "looking like nothing so much as an assembly of wigwams." Sketches of the chapel, said Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, should be studied for ten years and then thrown away.

Last week the academy architects, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, announced that modernistic plans for the chapel had been abandoned because the original building might have "distracted" public thinking about the architecture of the entire academy. Now being planned: a model "conforming to more conventional American concepts of a place of worship." It is, said the architects wryly, complete with steeple and stained-glass windows.

Garden of Love

When 17-year-old Yasujiro Aoki was told that he had leprosy, he did what a devout Buddhist should. Dressed in white robes and carrying a walking stick, he made a lengthy pilgrimage to the 88 holy places of Buddhism on his native Japanese island of Shikoku, visiting each three times. But at the end of the last lap, having found no cure, he did what a devout Buddhist should not: he turned in at the gate of an Anglican missionary hospital.

There, although he stayed ten years, he found no cure, but he found a cause. He became a lay missionary in the Anglican Church in Japan and devoted himself to helping other leprosy victims. In March 1927, at the age of 35, he made his way to jungle-like Motobu Peninsula on northern Okinawa because he had heard fearful tales of the misery of Okinawa's leprosy sufferers.

Religion Spurned. He could hardly have picked a more difficult place for his labors. The last missionary who had tried to help Okinawa's destitute victims had been deported for meddling. When Aoki arrived, the afflicted were either kept hidden by their families or left on the beaches to starve. Many of them managed to live

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Though called a "fair-haired boy," young Hal
From work was swiftly aging.
From eight to eight, Hal and his gal
Kept running, writing, raging.

1.



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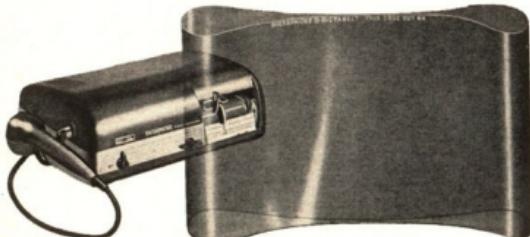


Now Hal's relaxed—he "thinks out loud,"
"Writes" any time he pleases.
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So learn what Dicta-ease is.

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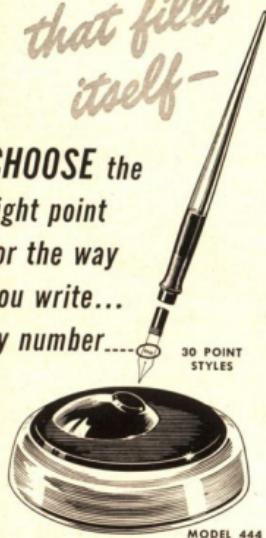
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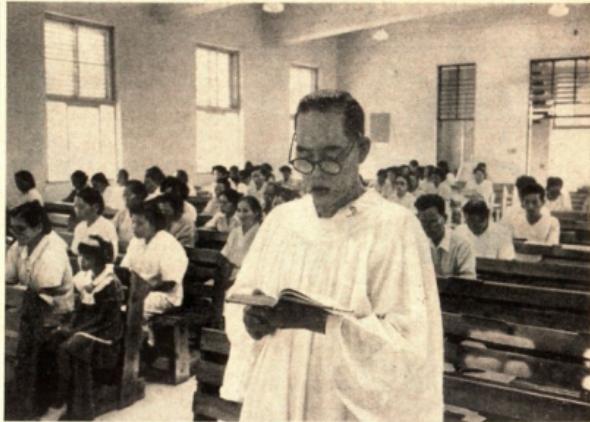
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MISSIONARY AOKI LEADING HYMN SINGING
He did what a good Buddhist should not.

Jun Miki

by creeping into stores, threatening to touch the goods on display unless the storekeeper paid them off with food.

Aoki made his headquarters in a cave by the ocean, secretly began rounding up his fellow sufferers and taking them back to his peninsula. There, unnoticed by the islanders, they built crude shelters and lived on food that Aoki bought with his slim funds. His recruits at first spurned his religion, since by Okinawan tradition leprosy was considered an evidence of evil, on the part of either the sufferer or his ancestors. Aoki countered by reciting Christ's absolution of the blind man: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him (John 9:3)."

Lowest Point. Aoki's colony was making quiet progress when the islanders were suddenly aroused by a Japanese plan to build a leprosarium on Okinawa. They burned the lumber for the buildings, finally forced Tokyo to postpone the plan. Then an enterprising newspaper printed a story about Aoki's work, and nearby farmers marched on the colony, pulled the huts down with ropes (they were afraid to touch the boards) and burned them. Aoki's small hand got until sundown to get off Okinawa. They fled by boat to an uninhabited island off the coast to start all over again.

Undaunted, Aoki slipped back to Okinawa, used intermediaries to buy up a wooded island called Yagaji, just off the peninsula shore. Two wealthy Japanese Christians donated money to build a central hall and two dormitories. A new colony, called Airaku-en (Garden of the Haven of Love) was started, and Aoki became its manager. The following year the Japanese government decided to use Aoki's site for its leprosarium, built a hospital and several other buildings. The colony's population jumped from 42 to 242, and some blamed Aoki for the gov-

ernment's brutally efficient gathering process. "I could stand the stonings and beatings and having my house burned down, because I had faith in my work," said Aoki. "But when people here turned on me, it was the lowest point of my life."

Full Cycle. Out of nowhere to Okinawa came World War II. The Japanese turned on Christians, treated Aoki as a spy, and drove him out of the colony. He tried living on an offshore rock, got the police to jail him until they needed the jail for criminals, finally went to live in an abandoned tomb. Later, he dragged himself from his tomb to have a leg amputated. Making his way back to Airaku-en, he found his colony demolished by U.S. bombs (the U.S. thought Yagaji a submarine base) and his old companions back in the caves.

The fighting had no sooner stopped, however, than Aoki was back on his one foot, organizing the colonists in rebuilding Airaku-en. The U.S. Army arrived with Quonset huts, clothing and food. Aoki was made a lay reader of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S., acted as minister until the Rev. Luke Kimoto, a 25-year-old Episcopal deacon from Japan (who does not have leprosy) became its first permanent minister in 1954.

At 63, Aoki still bears the dreadful marks of leprosy, but the disease seems to have been arrested. In Airaku-en's chapel he leads hymn singing and teaches Sunday school each week. He watches over Airaku-en like a patriarch, continues to convert its inhabitants to Christianity. Last week he asked the Episcopal Church on behalf of Airaku-en's Christians to establish a worldwide mission to victims of leprosy. By the standards he has set for himself, Aoki regards his life as a heartening success. His proof: although less than 1% of Okinawans are Christian, 34% of Airaku-en's 924 residents are Christian.



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MUSIC

Symphony in the Air

Back in the U.S. last week was a 92-man team of ambassadors to the Far East. Behind the Symphony of the Air lay a 42-concert tour of Japan, Korea, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines, Thailand, Malaya and Ceylon that endowed the U.S. with musical glory and cultural good will, and provided the indefatigable 92 with eight weeks of experiences that will give them anecdotes for years.

They flew the 30,000 miles mostly aboard Military Air Transport Service and Air Force planes. Unpressurized cabins brought ear trouble. There was a running gag of one violinist asking his neighbor, "How did I play tonight? I couldn't hear myself." One flight, between Tokyo and Seoul, ran into a storm so Wagnerian that everyone but Director Don Gillis became violently ill. Gillis, with an oxygen tank but no mask, dashed up and down the plane spraying groaning musicians in the face with oxygen. "It may or may not have helped," he says.

Unstuck. Far Eastern atmospheres were punishing to Western instruments—and instrumentalists. The glued parts of violins and woodwinds regularly came unstuck; humidity snapped the strings of three violas during Beethoven's "Eroica" in Ceylon. The heat could untune a piano half a tone in two hours and rot a dress suit in a matter of days. In Bangkok, with a temperature of 105° onstage and no fans, U.S. Ambassador John Peurifoy came backstage to insist that the men take off their white jackets. After that they often played in shirtsleeves, delicately abandoning suspenders in favor of belts. In Manila an enthusiast presented them with sport shirts decorated with pictures of Maestro Arturo Toscanini, who trained the orchestra (as the NBC Symphony), and left in the spring of 1954.

As the tour progressed, the musicians, in Panama hats, sport shirts and shorts, began to look less and less like a symphony orchestra. Most of them bought cameras and camera equipment in the PXs; some went about festooned with three cameras. So avid was the search for souvenirs that the airplane pilots would kid them: "Just tell us the next time you guys are going to buy another 2,000 lbs. of stuff so we can get lighter by feathering the props."

Converted. Everywhere the reception was enthusiastic—even from people who had never heard live Western music, e.g., the Okinawans, who kept moving their heads to see where each new sound was coming from. In one community, between Kobe and Osaka, Conductor Walter Hendl, 38, stepping outside between numbers for a breath of air, discovered hundreds of Japanese who had been unable to get in standing with their ears pressed to the wall.

"I'm going back," said Pianist Hendl last week. "Probably before the end of this year I'm going back by myself. What-

ever I am capable of contributing to Eastern culture in the way of Western music, I want to contribute. The tour we just concluded clearly affirms something I've always believed: that the greatest of music, which transmits the greatest of human messages, is understood everywhere."

Six for the Master

Once each year since 1950, the eastern corner of the French Pyrenees has bloomed with music. The two-week-long festival in the little (pop. 4,400) town of Prades is too rare and delicate a blossoming to be enjoyed through the sunglasses of ordinary tourists; instead of 90-piece orchestras or 100-decibel choruses to remind a man that he is getting his money's worth, the music is small and wrought



CELLIST CASALS (CENTER) & CHAMBER GROUP AT PRADES*
When he itches, they all scratch.

Israel Shenker

with loving care for some of the most passionately musical audiences in the world. And the focus of it all is the adored and venerated master—Spanish Cellist Pablo Casals.

Last week Prades was in its annual bloom, and admirers followed the proud, stubby figure of the 78-year-old Catalan exile through the town and crowded his little house. Said one peevish old Pradesian: "If Casals scratches, they have to scratch the same place." But the top-rank musicians who came to Prades were hardly less worshipful. "What does Prades mean to a musician?" said Violinist Yehudi Menuhin to a reporter who caught him strolling through town in shorts, with a bunch of daisies in his hand. "It means the chance to play with Casals. Why does [Pianist] Eugene Istomin come year after year? No other reason except to play with Casals. This festival is just the right size—where everything is within the compass of Casals."

Kiss for the Queen. This year the program was Bach, Schubert and Brahms, and everyone agreed, as usual, that the master was at the peak of his power and form. In the L' Eglise Saint-Pierre, on a platform before the altar, the old man sat playing his "tired" old cello with closed eyes. Every seat in the church was taken for the extra-long (2½ to three hours) concerts that are a Prades tradition, and listeners sat or stood wherever they could find breathing space. Front-row center sat Belgium's Queen Elisabeth, noted and knowledgeable patroness of music. Applause was not permitted at the concerts—instead, whenever the audience was moved by a number, it rose in hushed silence at the conclusion.

After one rare evening that ended in a Brahms string sextet played by Casals, with Violinists Menuhin and Arpad Gerescz, Violists Ernst Wallfisch and Karen

Tuttle and Cellist Madeline Foley, the Queen left the audience and walked up onto the stage. Menuhin greeted her with a kiss on the cheek, then led her backstage to congratulate the shy Casals and the other members of the sextet.

Box-Office Tonic. Surprise hit of the festival was the nine-member Bach Aria Group from the U.S., organized nine years ago by Oil Heir William H. Scheide, a sometime music teacher at Cornell University. Bach Specialist Scheide, who has long maintained that the cantatas are the heart of Bach's work, figured out that about half of the cantatas' 650-odd arias could be performed by combinations of five instruments and four voices. To prove it, he assembled the aria group, made the discovery, to everyone's surprise that

* From left: Cellist Foley, Violinist Gerescz, Casals, an assistant (who helps him tune his cello), Violinist Menuhin, Violists Tuttle and Wallfisch.

Tokyo, June 10, 1955
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KOCH OF CALIFORNIA
 Corte Madera, California



Bach vocal music was a tonic to the U.S. concert box office.

Best-known members of the group, as it performed at Prades, were the Metropolitan Opera's Jan Peerce and Eleanor Steber. Singing as a substitute for Eileen Farrell, Soprano Steber was much impressed by Prades' rarefied musical atmosphere. Said buxom Singer Steber, just back from a tour in Yugoslavia: "I almost got raped there. But here—such purity!"

Treasury of Song

No fathoms off the starboard bow
 Look out, Skipper, pull her to the side.
 You gonna bus' your bow and split
 your hide.
 Oh, Great God, I done run aground.
 De skipper gonna chase me with a big
 bloodhound.
 Mark twain, Mark twain.

In skintight black jeans and green sport shirt, Singer Harry Belafonte riveted his audience in Las Vegas, where he opened last week, with *Mark Twain*—based on the cry of the man with the lead-line on a towboat. This song, and many another in Belafonte's repertoire, represents a draft on a treasury in Washington, D.C. that to many a scholar and singer is more important than Fort Knox.

The treasury is a small, dim office stacked high with files and catalogues of tapes and recordings, in Room G-156 of the Library of Congress. Next door is a recording studio and a small listening booth. This is the physical plant of the Folklore Section of the Library of Congress. The secretary of this treasury—as well as collector, personnel manager and salesman—is a quiet, greying scholar of 47 named Duncan Black Macdonald Emrich, author of, among other things, *Who Shot Maggie in the Freckle?*

Souls of Dead Miners. Duncan Emrich, whose parents were Congregationalist missionaries, was born in Turkey and lived in Istanbul until he was 16. He went to Phillips Academy and soon began picking up degrees—from Brown University (A.B.) and Columbia (M.A.) in English, from the University of Madrid (D. en L.) in Medieval Spanish and Arabic, from Harvard (Ph.D.) for a thesis on the Arabian philosopher Avicenna. In 1940 he moved to the University of Denver as an assistant professor. This changed everything.

Denver offered little that was stimulating in Emrich's hobby of Arabic but much in the field of folk music. Drinking in the splintered, bare saloons of the lonely valley towns, he heard and delighted in the hoarse old songs of the gold prospectors and the mining camps:

Pick, pick, pick—Has someone behind us knocked?
Pick, pick, pick—No, 'tis the souls of dead miners locked
For they're locked in the earthen wall

...
 Folk songs, as Emrich has since discovered, cover a multitude of sins—historical and otherwise. To the accompaniment of

*Why a 9 year old gardener
and a police chief's story
had special meaning for
Jewel Tea's George Clements*



"I have one just like it!" Mr. Clements chats with Mrs. Don Deininger while Jane Deininger and pet duck "Taffy" show off her garden

"Wausau's enterprising spirit starts at home. In fact, in the backyard! Jane Deininger, 9, has her own garden which she weeds and cares for herself! When I told her I had a garden just like it at home she beamed with pride. Later, over a cup of coffee, Mrs. Deininger told me that Wausau parents encourage youngsters to 'do for themselves.' Jane assists in the kitchen, frosts the cakes, washes dishes and helps care for baby brother. With this kind of training it's little wonder Wausau youngsters grow up to be the kind of people you like to know, to work with and be with."

Wausau Story

Recently, Mr. George Clements, president of a company that serves a million homes coast to coast, visited Wausau. Mr. Clements remarked: "I felt right at home. In Wausau, as in my own company, you get the feeling that everyone is pulling on the same rope."

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For instance: You may have shrugged off workmen's compensation as an inevitable cost over which you have little control. Actually this is not the case. Employers Mutuals' first aim is to reduce accidents. Our safety engineers work with your people—serving not as "inspectors," but as skilled advisors in your own accident prevention work. By preventing accidents we can help you control—and often substantially reduce—insurance costs. We'd welcome the chance to show you how. Phone our nearest office, or write to Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.



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Wrestle

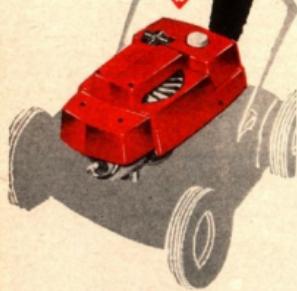
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fiddles, banjos, guitars, dulcimers, bottles, tin cans and washboards, one can hear love songs, laments and domestic satires:

*They done some brave shooting down
to Greer Moor's
They come so close it was almost a
draw,
But I'll bet ten dollars there is nothing
can
Equal that iron-clad boat, my mother-
in-law.*

HOMEMADE BALLAD. One night in the Bucket of Blood saloon at Virginia City, Nev., Emrich heard a miner bellow, "Who shot Maggie in the freckle?" Back to his room he went to compose a ballad of his own that was eventually brought back to him from Australia as an original:

*Who shot Maggie in the freckle,
Who shot Maggie on the divide,
Who shot Maggie near Gold Hill
And ran away to hide?*

*Maggie . . . never showed her freckle
To anyone but me, her Bill.
But she must have let someone see it,
Because there isn't a freckle any more;
The Johnny who shot her in the freckle
Made a perfect bull's-eye score . . .*

One day after World War II (in which he wound up as a major and an official U.S. historian at SHAEF), Emrich wandered into the Folk Song Section of the Library of Congress to browse through the collection. By the time he left, he had been talked into applying for the job as chief of the section—vacant since 1944.

Armed with tape recorders, Emrich and his assistants labored to gather an impressive collection of assassinations, ship disasters, train wrecks and the exploits of Jesse James. Sometimes a tobacco-chewing farm hand would sound off with a song like *Barbara Allen* which delighted Samuel Pepys (Emrich has 100 different versions) or a fossil from 16th Century England like *Lord Bateman*:

*Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
He held himself of high degree
He would not rest nor be contented
Until he'd voyaged across the sea.*

This is Emrich's tenth year as head of what has been expanded to include all folklore—arts, crafts and legends as well as songs.

But the recordings are the keystone of the collection; when Emrich came to the library there were some 30,000 songs and tales on records; today there are well over 60,000. Among the 400-odd collectors who have shared their collections or talents with the library are Prince Peter of Greece, Composer Percy Grainger, Judge Learned Hand (singing *The Iron Merriman* and *Phil Sheridan*), Burl Ives, Carl Sandburg and Jelly Roll Morton. At least one original creator of a folk song has been turned up by the library: Cowboy Harry Stephens, who wrote the *Night-Herding Song*.

DEATH IN LAREDO. Since 1940 the library has issued 23 albums of 78-rpm records (now also on LP) and 24 long-playing



Walter Bennett

COLLECTOR EMRICH
"Who shot Maggie in the freckle . . . records, but the budget is so meager that only a tiny fraction of the potential can be made available to the general public, and then only to those who write or apply in person to the Recording Laboratory."

One small segment of the collection sure never to be released is the so-called "Delta Songs"—lyrics of miners, sailors, lumberjacks and cowboys not for public consumption. Scholars often use the Delta collection to trace the source of a famed song that is really a cleaned-up version. *Erie Canal*, for instance, could never have been published as the canal men used to sing it. And *The Streets of Laredo*, now the story of a cowboy dying of a gunshot, was originally the saga of a British soldier dying of syphilis.



Ed Miley—Life

COWBOY STEPHENS
. . . and ran away to hide?"

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Headline of the Week

In the Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion-Ledger*:

FEW REGARD MOSQUITOES
AS HELPFUL TO MANKIND

Family Party

At a meeting of Scripps-Howard editors in Washington last April, Editor Roy Howard dropped an offhand remark, "In July," said he, "I'll be with the outfit 50 years." After he left the room, somebody spoke up: "We ought to do something about this." They talked to young (35) Board Chairman Charles Scripps, who decided to give Roy a big surprise party. To Roy Howard, when he stepped into the Pavilion Caprice of Cincinnati's Netherland Plaza hotel one night last week, it was indeed a surprise.

He had been told that six or eight people would be there for a small, informal dinner. But when he walked through the big paneled door, he stared at a roomful of 125 Scripps-Howard editors, business managers, bureau managers, other brass from the Scripps papers, the United Press, NEA Service, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance—brought in from all over the country. Most of them had stayed out of the hotel lobby, to keep Roy from spotting them and guessing the secret.

The Best from Gano. The anniversary dinner (sirloin steak, champagne) was no stuffy testimonial, but a newspaperman's blend of horseplay and affection. Toastmaster Dick Thornburg, editor of the Cincinnati *Post*, struck the keynote by calling Howard "the greatest newspaperman ever to come out of Gano, Ohio, population 37."

Scripps-Howard staffers had gathered tape-recorded tributes from all over the world. Said Philippine President Ramon Magsaysay: "I think it is a tribute to the durability and staying power of the American press that it has been able to survive 50 years of Roy Howard." Chirped Madame Chiang Kai-shek: "I am delighted to have this opportunity to make you listen to me for once."

Howard's career as a crusading journalist was reviewed on tape by ex-President Herbert Hoover. "You have a unique position among crusaders," said Hoover. "Sometimes you have been a great trial to us other crusaders, but among crusaders there's a reverence for the honest ones no matter how wrong they are."

Greetings from Japan. Taking note of Howard's globe-trotting habit, Model Judy Coate draped a lei around his neck (see cut) and the tape was turned on for "Japanese opinion" of Editor Howard. What came out was a chorus of geisha girls singing and begging: "Roy, you butterfly, come back." Then, a deadpan announcement was made that the guests would next hear a tape-recorded report from Mr. Howard on the world situation. To give the "report," the tape-recording of the speech was reversed and speeded up



Warren B. Spade-Osborne

EDITOR HOWARD & ADMIRER

"Come back," begged the geishas. until it sounded like a drunken canary singing backwards.

Howard's final surprise was a personal telephone call from President Eisenhower, weekending at his Gettysburg farm. Said Ike: "I gathered you were married to a newspaper 50 years ago and have been married to it ever since. There have been a lot of products from it." Said Roy Howard: "I wish to the Lord you were where I am. I've been lied to by everyone in this room." "Roy," the President remonished, "do you realize it has been 20 years since we were on that boat?" (i.e., the President Coolidge, when Ike, a major, was en route to the Philippines to become MacArthur's chief of staff and Howard to cover the inauguration of President Quezon). Said Howard: "A lot of things have happened since then." Retorted Ike: "Boy, are you telling me!"

Exit Evans, Enter Evans

Up on the city room bulletin board of the Nashville *Tennessean* went a memo last week: "The constructive, liberal policies which have characterized the Nashville *Tennessean* under the direction of my father will be continued . . ." The statement, signed with a bold signature startlingly like that of the late publisher, Silliman Evans, was the work of Silliman Evans Jr. In accord with the "earnest desire" expressed by his father, brisk, self-assured Silliman Evans Jr., 30, will be the new publisher of one of the South's liveliest and most powerful papers. His brother, *Tennessean* Reporter (and vice president) Amon Carter Evans, 21, named for the late publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* (TIME, July 4), will become a full-time executive. But much of the day-to-day responsibility for the *Tennessean* (circ. 112,947) will remain in

Bad News for Bad Check Passers



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"All together, my Pullman trips gave me about 3 extra weeks of vacation last year. After each one, I'd arrive in town with a good night's sleep behind me... refreshed and ready to do a real job."

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the hands of Editor-Vice President Coleman Harwell, a meticulous, imaginative newsman who joined the paper 28 years ago as an unpaid cub.

For his new job, Silliman Jr. was carefully trained by his hard-driving father. He broke in as a printer's devil at eight, sold newspapers on the street, learned to use a camera, did some reporting. At 18 he joined the Air Transport Command, became the ATC's youngest wartime pilot, landed the first U.S. transport plane in liberated Paris. After the war Silliman Jr. took over two smaller dailies then owned by the company; Both he and his brother are well aware that they must move fast to live up to their father, described in his early days as a *Star-Telegram* staffer as "the alltime, all-American diesel engine of Texas reporting."

Truce. The elder Silliman Evans bought a controlling interest in the sick *Tennessean* in 1937, promptly made a truce with James G. Stahlman's staid evening *Banner* (cir. 91,878) under which the papers killed competing editions, merged mechanical facilities and ad departments. By thus cutting costs, Evans soon turned his paper into a moneymaker.

In the *Tennessean* news columns, as distinctively flavored as Tennessee sour mash bourbon, heavy local coverage is liberally laced with national and international news and brightly written features. Evans, who always considered reporting "the most important and best job on a newspaper," was never happier than when his staffers were digging up a political exposé or spicy feature, such as the discovery of Nashville Heir Tom Buntin in Texas 22 years after he vanished with his secretary.

Targets. Under its New Dealing publisher (a favorite Evans slogan: "No Republican is fit to hold public office!"), the *Tennessean* hovered protectively over TVA, opposed Eisenhower mainly because Evans suspected the President did not favor further public-power expansion.

Not all *Tennessean* targets are Republican. Democratic Governor Frank Clement has been elected twice over all-out opposition from the *Tennessean*, which charges Clement with being a front man for his lawyer father. At the head of the editorial column, seven days a week, it runs a list of "Tennessean Firsts," i.e., top-priority goals, such as bringing industries to Nashville.

Triumph. Evans' proudest "First" was his paper's part in wrecking the late Boss Ed Crump's political machine. In 1948 two *Tennessean* candidates were elected after primary victories over Crumpmen: Gordon Browning defeated Governor Tim McCord, and Estes Kefauver was elected to the U.S. Senate. In 1952, with heavy backing from the paper, Representative Albert Gore took the U.S. Senate seat occupied by Senator Kenneth McKellar, a longtime Crump ally. In Evans' will, filed for probate last week, the publisher passed on a lasting reminder to his sons: "Continue to oppose the political machine... in Memphis, Tenn. until it and all of its evil works are exterminated."



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the water
wasn't!

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The roomy interior actually glows with the beauty of its two-toned leather upholstery. Genuine leather complements the Caribbean's airy grace and contributes colorfully to its gay and spirited manner.

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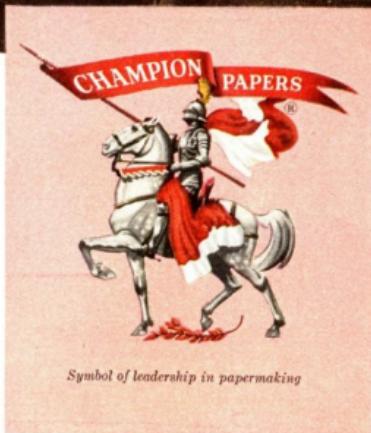
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MEDICINE

Psychiatry at Work

Spare the Freud and save the child, says Dr. Douglas McGlashan Kelley, professor of criminology at the University of California, who was chief psychiatrist at the Nürnberg trials. Misunderstanding and misapplication of Freudian theory, Dr. Kelley told a summer session at Fresno State College last week, have made parents neurotically fearful of turning their children into neurotics. As a result, he said, the U.S. today may be producing a smaller proportion of neurotics, but it is harvesting a bumper crop of psychopaths, which is worse.

It is the nature of every infant, said Dr. Kelley, to believe that the world revolves around him and especially his digestive tract; as a growing child, he cannot distinguish between fantasy and reality, he lacks emotional control, and, being inexperienced in the world's ways, he cannot make sound critical judgments. With reasonable parental instruction and discipline, nearly everybody outgrows or learns to control these traits. But if children carry them over uncontrolled into adult life, the result is a character defect or disorder.⁹ An active, severe defect, said Dr. Kelley, may lead directly to crime—a simple example of "sees what he wants and takes it."

Besides love and security, says Dr. Kelley, a youngster needs simple corporal punishment. This should change after age seven or so to adult types of punishment—fines and loss of privileges, always with reasoned explanations. If the child is not secure, Dr. Kelley conceded, the controls may make him neurotic. But that fear, first sown by Freud, has run wild through U.S. education and childrearing. The result: "A generation of children who have not been taught the discipline required for getting along with the world."

"At present," said Dr. Kelley, "our general approach is opposed to the totalitarian pattern and emphasizes freedom of speech, lack of obsessive rituals and minimal demands on behavior. We have been over-enthusiastic in our refusal to teach control lest we traumatize . . . I should like to suggest that the foundations of democracy can be achieved even while total freedom of behavior may be curtailed. The ideal solution would be neither too much nor too little training suppression. Since nobody knows how much is too much, if we err, let it be on the side of potential neuroses. [Perhaps thus we can] make our world a better place in which to live . . . If we do not choose some risk of creating neuroses, we . . . increase our delinquency and criminal rates."

* Serious character defects mark what used to be called the "constitutional" psychopathic inferior,¹⁰ more recently known simply as the psychopath (and some experts want to change it again to "sociopath"). Communist feature: utter selfishness, in which the victim knows the difference between right and wrong but does not care.

A President's Grief

"When he went, the power and the glory of the presidency went with him," wrote Calvin Coolidge of the death, at 16, of his namesake son. Young Calvin blistered his heel playing tennis on the White House courts, died of what was then called "blood poisoning" in July 1924. Last week in the *Bulletin* of Temple University Medical Center, Philadelphia's Dr. John Albert Kolmer,¹¹ who was called to the White House as a consultant in young Coolidge's case, added a graphic footnote to the story of the death:

"About two hours before death it was decided to administer oxygen. The wrong



THE COOLIDGES (1923): JOHN,¹² FATHER, MOTHER & CALVIN JR.
Gone the power and the glory.

Culver

valves were accidentally opened on the oxygen tank, with the result that a glass container exploded. A fragment of glass struck the President on the forehead, but, fortunately, with slight injury . . . During the last two hours of life the patient was attended by me alone, in the presence of the President and Mrs. Coolidge and a nurse. From time to time I examined the heart and was astounded by the President's heart and was astounded by the President's heart sounds.

"At about 10 p.m. I announced that the boy was rapidly dying. The President sprang from his chair and took his dying son in his arms, shouting hysterically into his ears that he would soon join him in the great beyond, and requesting that young Calvin so inform his grandmother (the mother of the President). A medalion of the grandmother was also placed

* Last in the national spotlight in 1935, after he developed a primitive vaccine against polio that was given to 10,000 children. Nine cases of polio, some fatal, were attributed to defects in the vaccine.

in the hands of the dying boy . . . The boy died at 10:20 p.m."

Although Dr. Kolmer did not make the point, it is ironically true that modern medicine, armed with penicillin and other antibiotics, would have a better than two-to-one chance of saving a patient from the type of infection (*Staphylococcus albus*) that killed young Coolidge.

Saved from Skid Row

The reformed drunkards numbered only 100 or so after four years of often-discouraging efforts when, in 1939, they decided to publish a guide to giving up alcohol. The collaborators' first choice for a title was *The Way Out*. But a check at the Library of Congress showed twelve previous works thus named; the authors shied at the 13th, settled instead for their

second choice, *Alcoholics Anonymous*. It has sold 300,000 copies.

Last week the 5,000 A.A. members gathered in St. Louis had two items to celebrate: 1) their 20th anniversary, which marks their growth to a massive fellowship of 150,000 reformed alcoholics organized into 6,000 chapters in more than 50 countries, and 2) publication of a new and enlarged (575 pages) edition of "the big book," which they fondly call *Alcoholics Anonymous* (*Alcoholics Anonymous Publishing Co.*; \$4.50).

News from a Broker. Bill W., a former Wall Street broker and surviving co-founder of A.A., argued that it was time for a permanent guiding body within the organization to take over from the elder statesmen, and the delegates agreed by ratifying a charter with a 15-member board of trustees. He also noted a switch in emphasis: now that its fame is widespread, A.A. gets more and more alcohol-

* Now 48, and a business-forms manufacturer in West Hartford, Conn.

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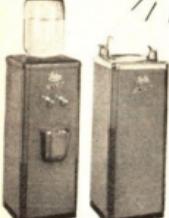
The first, "How To Save Thousands Of Dollars" is a complete, concise report on a scientific study of the whys and wherefores of the placement of water coolers. It contains actual figures on the big savings to be made through careful planning.

The second, "The Real Answer To The Coffee-Break" shows just how much the coffee-break is costing . . . and how the **HOT 'N COLD** slashes this wasteful expenditure to the bone. What's more, it gives a complete description of this amazing new innovation—the **HOT 'N COLD**!



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ics (about half its new members) who have not yet sunk out of social respectability into Skid Row obscurity, who have had little or no experience with delirium, hospitals and jails. In consequence, A.A. is approaching closer to preventive medicine. Such cases make up one of the most encouraging sections of the new edition of *Alcoholics Anonymous*. A prime example:

A neurosurgeon named Earl in a Western state had always been fortune's darling; class president from high school through medical school and a professional success, he had never lost family or income because of alcohol. ("I made more money the last year of my drinking than I ever made before in my whole life.") He knew that something had to give when he found that the drinks he craved made him miserable even before they made him drunk. His wife read him an A.A. pamphlet. For the moment it had no effect. But a few evenings later, as he was opening his second fifth, the thought struck him: "This is the last one!"

Help from a Butcher. The break came easy for Dr. Earl, but continued abstinence came hard. Although he was a graduate of 5½ years in psychoanalysis, he had to call on the local butcher, a pillar of A.A., for guidance when the going got rough. The butcher brought the doctor down to earth, interested him in A.A.'s program of mutual support. Dr. Earl has not had a drink for three years.

In writing his own case history, the doctor speculates whether A.A.'s curative power should be called "benevolent interpersonal relations" or group psychotherapy. Then, like so many other successful A.A. members, he gives his own answer: "To me it is God."

Capsules

¶ The Public Health Service released 300,000 shots of Salk polio vaccine, first to be approved in more than a month. Significantly, PHS also announced a major research program aimed at improving the Salk vaccine, mainly by using other strains of virus (than the dangerous M-10) and by improving tests for potency and safety tests in monkeys.

¶ Packages containing aspirin or other salicylates (notably oil of wintergreen) should be clearly marked "Keep out of the reach of children," said the A.M.A.'s Committee on Toxicology. In 1952 aspirin overdoses killed at least 41 children under five, all salicylates at least 86.

¶ New York's Governor Harriman named one of the most brilliant research psychiatrists available, Dr. Paul H. Hoch, 53, as State Mental Hygiene Commissioner. Budapest-born and German-educated, Dr. Hoch came to the U.S. in 1933, has headed the New York State Psychiatric Institute.

¶ The armed services commissioned 19,824 physicians and 9,704 dentists under their special draft act from Oct. 1, 1950 to Feb. 1, 1955. But 28 physicians and 13 dentists were inducted as privates because they refused to apply for commissions, as were 20 physicians and eleven dentists ruled ineligible; e.g., because they refused to take a loyalty oath.



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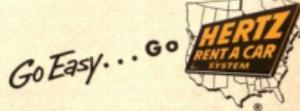
day, week, or longer, just by showing your driver's license and proper identification. Drive carefree! Hertz furnishes all gasoline, oil . . . Public Liability, Property Damage, Fire and Theft Insurance, and \$100.00 deductible collision protection—at no extra cost!

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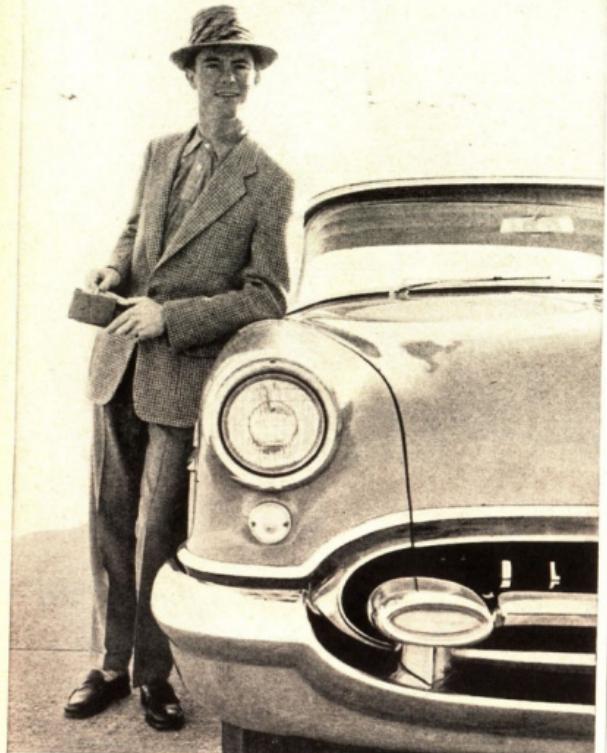
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Call to the Front

Even if he had not made the speech he did, the annual convention of the powerful (613,000 members) National Education Association would undoubtedly have given Adlai Stevenson a healthy round of applause. Instead, it gave him a standing ovation, for he had told his audience exactly what it wanted to hear. President Eisenhower, said Stevenson, now proposes to spend \$45 on highways to every \$1 he proposes to spend on schools. "I must deny that this 45-to-1 ratio . . . represents the standards or the priority of the people of America." Thereupon, Stevenson made his recommendation. Since the national income is expected to rise \$15 billion a year and since this will mean an added \$4 billion in federal revenue, "I suggest, in effect, that we agree with ourselves to spend on education—say, 20% of our federal tax collections from our new national wealth."

Welcome as these words were, the N.E.A. was all set to top them. The Legislative Commission called for a federal expenditure of \$8 billion a year for 1) school construction, 2) a teacher's minimum salary of \$4,000, and 3) a college scholarship program for bright students. "Because of inadequately trained teachers and poor buildings," said the commission's Executive Secretary James McCaskill, "we are depriving about 6,000,000 children each year of a good schooling."

Though federal aid has been a perennial N.E.A. theme, it seemed this year to have become something of an obsession—so much so, in fact, that some educators were beginning to talk of forming a huge political-action organization to lobby for their demands in state legislatures and Congress. "Without such an organization," said Earl McGrath, one-time U.S. Commissioner of Education and now president of the University of Kansas City, "I believe that education will be continuously handicapped in competition with the other social groups which have been effectively organized." But is political action, however nonpartisan, really a proper function for the nation's teachers? Said Oakland's Rex Turner, chairman of the Legislative Commission that approved McGrath's scheme: "I'm not afraid of these terms. If we are ever to get better schools, we will have to meet the issue squarely on the political front."

Chief Bookmen

What is a U.S. President apt to read in his leisure time? In a slim new volume called *Three Presidents and Their Books* (University of Illinois: \$2.50), a historian, a librarian and an editor answer for a distinguished trio.

Lifelong Sermon. Of the trio (Jefferson, Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt), Jefferson was the only scholar. He built up three separate libraries for himself in his lifetime, and one of them (6,000 volumes) became the nucleus of the Library of



"Stretch"—built into Boeing design

The four airplanes in this picture are all versions of the Boeing B-47 Stratojet—current mainstay of the Strategic Air Command. While they look very much alike, there are major differences in the things they can do.

Look first at the plane in the right foreground. It's a B-47A, first production model of the speedy six-jet bomber, which flew in 1950. Its gross weight is 125,000 pounds, and its engines develop 5,000 pounds of thrust apiece.

Just behind it is a B-47B. It has grown in power and performance and contains more equipment, bringing its weight up to 185,000 pounds.

The B-47E Stratojet bomber stands at the left rear of the group. Representing still greater utility and performance, it weighs more than 200,000 pounds, and each of its jet engines is rated at more than 6,000 pounds of thrust.

In the left foreground, you see the RB-47E photo-reconnaissance Stratojet, equipped for night or day aerial photographic missions.

How is it possible for an airplane to "grow" so much in weight while gaining in versatility? Boeing engineers had that goal in mind *when they designed the B-47.*

This isn't the first time that built-in

"stretch" has proved an advantage to America. The Boeing C-97, which began as a twin-deck military transport ten years ago, has grown in range and load capacity. Today it is the principal aerial refueling tanker of the Air Force, and a turbo-prop version—the YC-97J—is now being flight-tested.

In the same way the giant eight-jet B-52, with a current gross weight of over 350,000 pounds, has ample potential for future growth.

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Congress. "He loved books," says Professor Arthur Bestor of the University of Illinois. "He chose editions with discrimination... he was careful of the physical condition of his volumes. But his ultimate purpose was not to display his library but to live with it and to make its volumes work for him and for others."

To make books work as they should, Jefferson preached a lifelong sermon against censorship. "Subject, opinion to coercion," he wrote, "[and] whom will you make your inquisitors? Fallow men; men governed by bad passions, by private as well as public reasons." Once, he took up his pen in the defense of a Philadelphia bookseller who was dragged into court for selling a scientific treatise deemed irreligious. "I am really mortified," said Jefferson, "that in the United States of America... the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate." The lesson



New York Historical Society

Lincoln & Son Tad
More thinking than reading.

that Collector Jefferson handed down: "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

Self-Made Man. Lincoln, says David C. Mearns of the Library of Congress, was another sort of reader. Since he had less than one year's formal schooling, he learned on his own. Legend has it that he walked eight miles for a copy of Kirkham's *English Grammar*. He supposedly taught himself arithmetic from books on surveying, law from Blackstone. "He read hard books," wrote his first law partner, John T. Stuart. "Lincoln was a scholar [sic] from 1835—rather a hard student to 1845—he was an educated man in 1860—more than is generally known."

Oddly enough, he virtually had no library of his own. He read Plato, Mill and Tom Paine, knew most of Burns by heart, and could quote extensively from Shakespeare and the Bible. Yet his gift editions of Gibbon and Channing showed no sign of ever having been opened, and he

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Vincent J. Coyle, Vice President & Managing Dir.
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thought that most biographies merely "commemorate a lie and cheat posterity out of the truth." The fact is, said his old law partner, William Herndon, "Mr. Lincoln read less and thought more than any man in his sphere in America." Even so, he became the greatest proof in history that America is, as he said, the land where "every man can make himself."

Old Role. According to North Carolina Editor Jonathan Daniels, once his press secretary, Franklin Roosevelt in his reading habits was a mixture of Jefferson and Lincoln. He was a collector like Jefferson, but like Lincoln, he rarely bothered with anything that did not interest him. At 15, he could still not spell De Quincey. But at Harvard, he was librarian for both the Hasty Pudding and the Fly Club, was already picking up "a very nice old edition of Smollett" and "the best possible set of Morte d'Arthur." As President, he liked to quote from Bryce, dredge up "a very nice thing" from Livy. But if he had delusions about his own literary grandeur, he nevertheless played to the hilt one traditional, but little noted, role of the President. Says Daniels: "There is a feeling . . . that somehow the President ought to be also the leader and embodiment of a kind of national great-books program . . . The simple fact is that already by public demand the institution of the presidency includes its occupant's function as chief bookman of the Republic."

First Love

When the officials of Haverford College, on Pennsylvania's Main Line, tried to talk Geographer Gilbert Fowler White into taking over the presidency in 1946, he was about as reluctant as a candidate can be. At 34, he felt that he was much too young for the job; he was also much fascinated by geography, in which he took his doctorate (1942) at the University of Chicago. Nevertheless, White finally accepted—and proved to be as wrong about himself as he had been reluctant.

A devout Quaker, he seemed just the man for the nation's oldest Quaker college. He knew all his 450 students by name, and on Campus Day, when students and facultymen don old clothes to work at some campus building project, President White was out there hammering with the rest of them. Though he looked like an undergraduate himself, he managed to give Haverford some of the happiest years of its life. He raised faculty salaries, quadrupled scholarships, more than doubled the endowment to \$10 million. He served as vice chairman of the American Friends Service Committee, was adviser to such public groups as the Hoover Commission and UNESCO.

About the only thing he did not have enough time for, in fact, was his old love, geography. Last week, convinced that "in a time when the pressure of world population upon natural resources is increasing and when the world's regions are more closely linked to each other," a geographer has a special role to play, Gilbert White decided to resign. His new post: professor of geography at the University of Chicago.

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When industry began using a-c electric motors built to a new design, unexpected benefits resulted. A blower manufacturer cut shipping costs \$1157, an oil well operator saved \$26 on each motor he bought, a machine tool builder boosted his machine's capacity 50%. No wonder 80% of industry has already made . . .

The Big 'Motor Switchover'

A series by ARTHUR F. VINSON, V. P.—Manufacturing, General Electric Co.

"Far easier to install" say users everywhere. This 230-pound, 10-hp G-E motor is 39% lighter than the one it replaces.



Of all 1 to 30 horsepower electric motors sold by General Electric, today more than 80% are built to a radical new design introduced just 18 months ago. Every day these "new standard" motors, called the Tri-Clad* "55" by G.E., gain more and more converts as motor users discover the many advantages to them.

Cuts Shipping Costs

The new, lighter motors have made some eye-opening savings possible. As a result of changing over, sales manager E. W. Petersen of American Blower Corp., Detroit, Mich., reports: "Saved us \$1157 in the past 11 months in transportation costs alone. And this doesn't include savings made from routine shipments between American Blower plants."

Other savings cropped up. Ross McCollum, an oil operator in the Taft and Midway Fields of Kern County, California, discovered he could save \$26 each on the 10 or 12 electric motors he buys a year. Because new motors are more completely protected, he now uses a standard dripproof motor, instead of the more expensive splashproof design.

50% More Power

The smaller size of G.E.'s new Tri-Clad '55' motor solved a difficult problem for Roger Pyne, engineering vice president of the Van Norman Company, Springfield, Mass. Space limitations on the company's new centerless grinder permitted the use of only a 5-hp motor. "By switching to the new-style motor, we were able to go to a 7½-hp unit," reports Mr. Pyne. "This 50% increase in power boosted our machine's capacity."

Increased sales and customer satisfaction are noted by many independent motor distributors. M. G. Bickford, president of Tri-State Electric Motors Inc., of Troy, N. Y., says, "Our customers like the modern appearance and ease of handling of the Tri-Clad '55' motor. And frankly, I can't remember when we've had a service complaint on the new design."

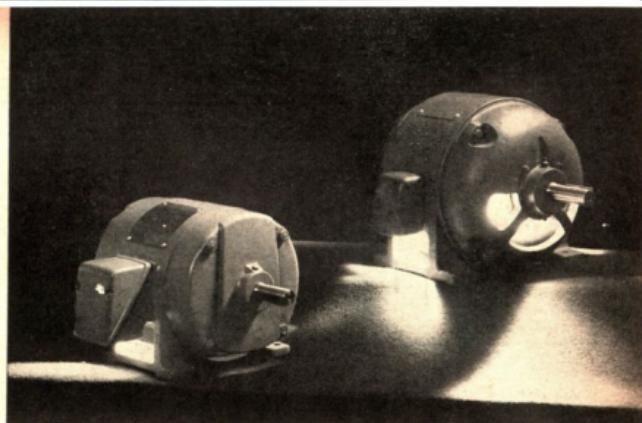
10 Years, No Greasing

Many other time and money saving benefits turned up. G.E.'s Tri-Clad '55' motor, for example, has a new bearing system which uses a new synthesized grease. So efficient is this lubricating system that in normal service a 2-hp Tri-Clad '55' motor will run up to 10 years without re-greasing. Even then, there is a provision for re-greasing on the job.

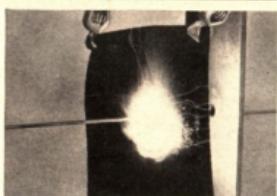
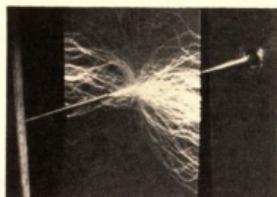
The feelings of the majority of motor buyers were summed up by J. S. Devokaitis, purchasing agent of The New Britain Machine Co., New Britain, Conn., when he commented, "We took a good look at your new motor and right away we saw a lot of benefits. For one thing, we were interested in its better performance and higher full load speeds. We think it will cut down on maintenance needed. We like its modern appearance. Needless to say, we're offering the new design as fast as possible."

Not all companies, however, have taken advantage of the motor switch-over. Some are missing out on the many benefits available only with electric motors built to the new standards.

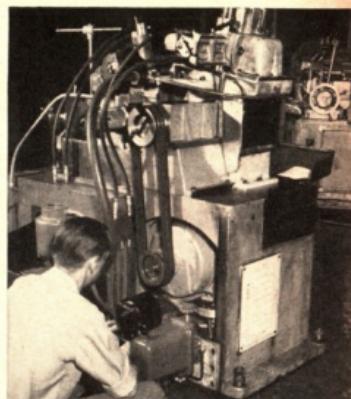
What is your company's policy? Are you investing in progress or obsolescence? General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y. 648-29



Light bulb demonstration illustrates how the wrap-around enclosure of the new G-E motor (left) gives far greater protection against water, dust and dirt.

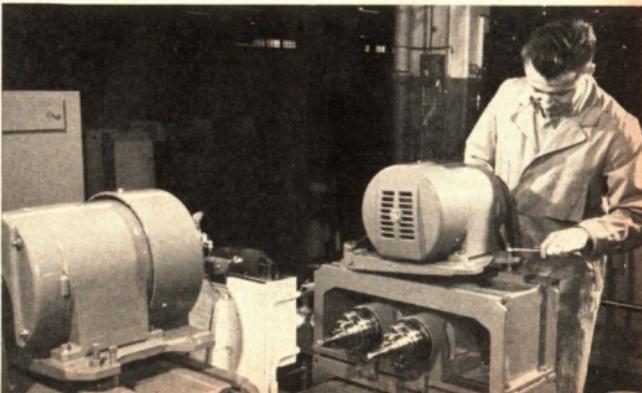


Mylar† insulation (top) in the new G-E motor withstands three times as much voltage as the old (bottom).



"More compact motor" allows Van Norman Co. to put a 7½ instead of a 5-hp motor on their new grinder.

Clean functional design of Tri-Clad '55' motor complements modern appearance of The New Britain Machine Co.'s new double-end precision boring machine.



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†Du Pont trade-mark.

648-29

SCIENCE

A PEEP into "Pappy's Basket"

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Apparently some of you are reading these little columns because I get a basket-full of mail following each publication.

Not all the letters are complimentary!

I quote from one which calls me to task for specializing in the production and perfection of one old-fashioned Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon throughout my 61 active years.

"A specialist," my correspondent twists me, "is a gentleman who knows very much about very little, and continues to learn more and more about less and less until eventually he knows practically everything about almost nothing at all!"

In reply, I asked my friend to critically sample my specialty, and if he were a man who savored his bourbon in modest helpings, to tell me if he still held the same low regard for specialists of my ilk. "I accepted your challenge," he now writes.

"My first cold toddy, made with OLD FITZGERALD, brought a quizzical lift to the eyebrow; the second a fleeting grin; a third, the beaming smile of a man convinced.

"Half-way through my second purchase, I now request that you soak my original letter in your delectable speciality, and cremate it with fitting ceremony."

Granted, ours is a narrow field. We have purposely kept it so. We are satisfied to be, not a Jack of all grades, but a Master of One.

As such, we find our OLD FITZGERALD steadily increasing in favor among a distinguished group of discriminating gentlemen who have made it the final choice of their mature tastes.

With my letter-writing friend, we welcome you to this inner circle of business executives who have discovered for themselves the satisfying character of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

Jet Silencer

Airplane designers are confident that many jet airliners will be flying some day, but they dread the reception they will get from people living near airports. The noise of four or six big jet engines has to be heard to be believed. If not reduced in some way, the noise will drive strong men to desperation for miles around the runways.

United Aircraft Corp., producer of the biggest, most powerful and presumably loudest jet engine, the Pratt & Whitney J-57, is working on ways to reduce its roar to a tolerable level. One method worked out by Engineers John M. Tyler and George B. Towle utilizes the fact that the frequency (pitch) of the noise generated by a stream of gas varies with the stream's diameter. The big stream that shoots from the tailpipe of a jet engine stirs up a lot of low-frequency sound that carries for miles as a thunderous roar. Small gas streams, e.g., air escaping from a compressor hose, give high-frequency sound. Much of it is too high-pitched to be heard at all, and much of the rest is absorbed by the air before it has traveled far.

Tyler and Towle first tried shooting the engine's stream of hot gas through a sheet-metal plate perforated with small holes close together. This did not work very well. The wakes of the little jets of gas acted upon each other and caused violent turbulence that made too much noise of its own. Next they added to the tail pipe a metal cylinder with holes all around and closed at the rear end with a metal cone. It worked well in reducing noise level, but since the gas jets pointed every which way, the engine lost nearly all of its thrust.

Final trick was to stud the tail pipe cylinder with holes made in such a way that the gas streams escaping through them pointed almost directly backward. This device preserved most of the engine's thrust, and also eliminated nearly all of its low-frequency noise.

Pratt & Whitney's silencer has not yet been tested in flight. For actual installation in airliners, it will be made of several telescoping cylinders fitting around the tail pipe, and a segmented cone that can be closed or opened. When the airplane takes off within earshot of neighbors, the cylinders will be extended and the cone closed. The mighty stream of hot gases will be broken into small and comparatively quiet jets. After the aircraft is high in the air, the cylinders will be drawn back into the engine's nacelle and the cone will be opened. Then the engine will have full thrust for economical cruising, and its noise, muffled by distance and altitude, will not matter.

Like other silencing devices, this one will cost a good deal in weight, complication and loss of thrust on take-off. But the cost may be justified by necessity. The big jet airliners, unsilenced, will make too many enemies.

Ear Speech

Microphones for use in noisy places, e.g., military aircraft, have always been a headache for acoustic engineers. If placed close in front of the mouth, they pick up a great deal of "ambient" noise, as well as sounds that come from the wearer's breathing. Throat microphones are noisy, too, and not ideally intelligible. Both types can be a nuisance to the wearer and interfere with other equipment.

At Ohio State University, Drs. Henry M. Moser, John J. Dreher and Herbert Oyer, backed by the Air Force, are trying to develop a special ear microphone. They have found that when a speaker's mouth is covered by a sound-absorbing baffle, his speech can be heard, weakly but distinctly,



AURAL MICROPHONE
In one ear and out the other.

through a stethoscope in one of his ears. Picked up with a microphone, ear speech can be amplified until it is as loud as desired. It has a rather "bright" sound, but is not very different from mouth speech.

The beauty of the system is that an ear microphone does not get in the wearer's way and is easy to isolate from noise around it. The Ohio scientists tested the intelligibility of ear speech by giving six men the same test sentence to speak through both ears and mouth. When the outside noise level was low, both kinds of speech came over well, but as the noise was increased, ear speech forged ahead.

In practice, an airplane pilot will probably listen through one ear and talk through the other. The whole apparatus will be tightly enclosed in his helmet. Outside noise will have a hard time working its way into this communication system, which is almost as private as if it were entirely inside the wearer's head.



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Few other companies make as many things so many people use every day. Many new products, too, are now being developed in our Research and Development Laboratories. Perhaps something we make can help you. May we tell you about it some time?



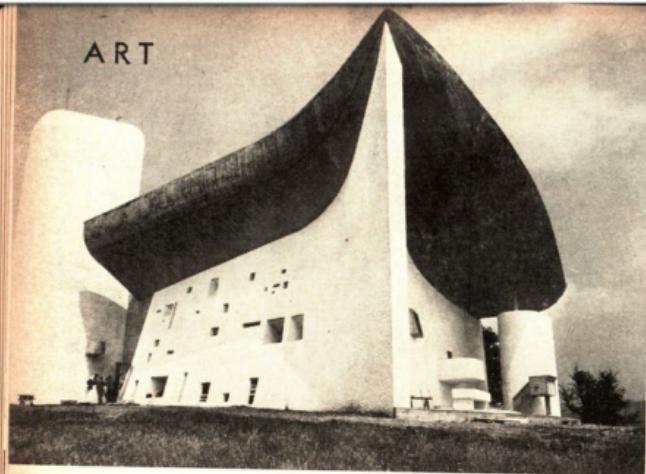
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Pierre S. Gifford—Rapho Guillotin

LE CORBUSIER'S NOTRE-DAME-DU-HAUT
Modern is as modern does.

Chapel in Concrete

At the end of World War II, the villagers of Ronchamp (pop. 1,900), in France's Vosges foothills, faced an old, familiar problem: how to rebuild the chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Haut atop a nearby hill called *Haut Lieu*. Hallowed since pagan days, *Haut Lieu* lies near the invasion route through the Belfort Gap, and in war it makes a prime military observation post. Over the centuries the chapel has been repeatedly destroyed; each time it has been faithfully rebuilt by loyal parishioners.

After liberating French troops knocked out the church again in 1944, a local committee headed by a lawyer, a manufacturer and the *curé* decided to save on building costs, construct the new church in reinforced concrete. Even in provincial Ronchamp, the name of the best archi-

tect for the job was obvious: Swiss-born Charles Edouard Jeanneret, world famous under his professional name, Le Corbusier,¹ as Europe's leading exponent of reinforced concrete.

Shape & Sound. Hats in hand, a village delegation waited on Le Corbusier in Paris, got a brusque turndown from the master. But soon afterwards Le Corbusier showed up on Ronchamp, climbed *Haut Lieu*, and after peering around the site, began making quick architectural notes. For Le Corbusier, who is currently building a new capital city at Chandigarh in India's Punjab (TIME, June 8, 1953) and erecting a second edition of his much-discussed Marseille "radiant city" outside Nantes, the opportunity to build his first

¹ His mother's maiden name, which he first used in signing articles on architecture, later legally adopted.

church was irresistible. What particularly caught his interest was the problem of designing a building to accommodate a handful of worshipers on ordinary days but, on occasion, pilgrimages numbering as high as 15,000.

Le Corbusier designed the exterior of the church to create what he called "an acoustic component in the domain of form." Then he designed one outer wall of the church as an outdoor backdrop for large pilgrimage ceremonies. By using old brick left over from the previous church, plus concrete, Le Corbusier priced the new chapel at \$171,000.

"Ungodly & Ungainly." As Le Corbusier's chapel in rough concrete and white plaster began to take form atop *Haut Lieu*, Ronchamp villagers threw up their hands in horror. The walls, instead of rising straight upwards, sloped inward or outward like sets for a surrealist movie. The ceiling sagged like a tent ceiling. The main church tower, looking like an ocean liner's funnel, and two lesser towers served only as light wells for chapels within.

Piercing the hollow, curving south facade were 27 deep-set, rectangular openings, decorated by stained glass designed by Le Corbusier. The broad church door also bore a symbolic painting by Le Corbusier, done in enamel. Capping it all was a swelling, sausage-roll roof from which extends a mighty spout to carry rain water to a concrete tank. Said Abbé Besançon, one of Ronchamp's priests: the church is "ungodly and ungainly."

Gypsy Blessing. But as dedication day approached, excitement steadily mounted in Ronchamp. A steady stream of famous visitors had replaced the villagers' doubts, with growing pride. Said Dominican Father Regamey, whose order sponsored Matisse's chapel at Vence: "Le Corbusier's modulated chapel in reinforced concrete is hard and soft at the same time, like the Gospels." Swiss Architect Hermann Bauer praised it as "more like sculpture than a work of architecture." A band of gypsies, adept at mind reading, decided they liked the new chapel "be-

PICTURES FOR THE NATION

WASHINGTON'S National Gallery, which will be 15 years old next March, is already deep in plans for its birthday celebration. Main item on the agenda: unveiling 150 masterpieces from the Samuel H. Kress collection. As an indication of the superb quality of the new Kress donations, the gallery this week made public the names of six (see color pages). Each was a masterpiece in the proper sense of the word: clear and present evidence of the artist's genius crossed with the spirit of his age.

Perhaps the most exciting of the lot was Grünewald's *Crucifixion*, one of just 15 paintings by the German master that are known to exist. The torment of Grünewald's art exerts a peculiar fascination for 20th century connoisseurs: more than 400 studies of him have been published since 1914. The National Gallery has always been weak in German art (as are most galleries west of the Rhine), but the Kress gifts will change all that. According to Guy Emerson, vice director of the Kress Foundation, Grünewald's *Crucifixion* will dominate "the finest room of German paintings outside of Germany."

The National Gallery's Italian Renaissance collection has always been topnotch, except for high-Renaissance (16th and 17th century) art. The Kress gifts will correct that weakness as well, if only by the announced addition of three masterpieces, by Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese, from the golden age of Venice. Zurbarán's big convent picture will give new weight to the Spanish section, and Watteau's charming *Ceres* will add a lift to the 18th century French collection.

The Kress Foundation can and does move mountains of dimes to buy great pictures. It is the whale of the masterpiece market, and despite restrictions on the international sales of masterpieces, it gets a whale-size share of the few that come on the market each year. With its help the National Gallery is amassing an art treasure beyond the dreams of kings. Smaller U.S. museums benefit as well. The Kress Foundation has made donations averaging \$2,000 each to twelve regional museums (TIME, April 27, 1953), and will soon announce similar gifts to eight more. Of the more than 2,000 paintings and sculptures Kress has bought so far, only a fourth will remain in Washington.



THE CRUCIFIXION by Matthias Grünewald

Grünewald's awesome, agonized art has prompted others, from Dürer to Picasso, to distort form and color for greater emotional force.



THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL by Tintoretto

A contemporary description of Tintoretto fits this nearly eight-foot-wide

canvas: "Extravagant, capricious, swift and resolute, with terrific imagination."

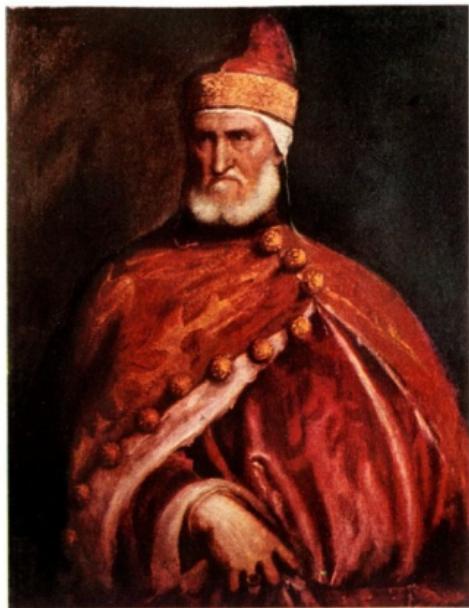


CERES by Watteau

A highly Frenchified harvest deity, Watteau's "Ceres" looks more suited to the boudoir than the open fields.

REBECCA
AT THE WELL
by Veronese

Veronese treats the Bible as a Venetian pageant, achieves a blend of grace and grandeur.



DOGE ANDREA GRITTI by Titian

The hard and solemn lord of
Venice's Gritti Palace (now a
fashionable hotel) seems about
to render a profound judgment.





SAINTS PAULA, EUSTOCHIUM AND JEROME by Zurbarán

Zurbarán probably painted this cool, restrained composition, dominated

by Jerome's conversational gesture, for the Hieronymite nuns of Seville.

cause of its pure form and white color." Even Abbé Besançon confessed a change of heart: "I take back everything I said against the chapel. I think it is beautiful and believe people can pray in it."

On hand for the dedication, Le Corbusier proudly proclaimed: "The Christian drama has henceforth taken possession of this spot. I hand over to you this chapel made of loyal cement, molded with boldness, with courage . . ." Replied Besançon's Archbishop Duchet: "I have the honor to bless the most modern chapel in the world."

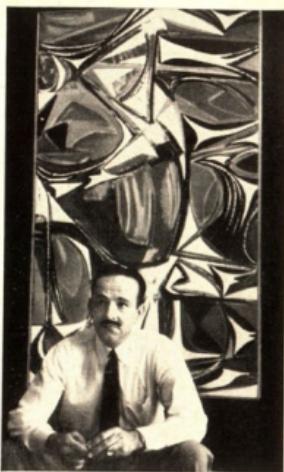
But the archbishop, who feels that modern is as modern does, cautiously decided to let a year or two pass before final consecration. He wanted to see if the chapel in practice inspires the proper mood for prayer. As far as Le Corbusier and the proud village owners are concerned, Our Lady's new concrete chapel has already proved that it will.

Westerners Up

Nothing riles a West Coast artist more than being told that he lives in an artistic bush league, that every artist worthy of his brush ought to take off for Manhattan and the majors. To prove that they can hold their own even in international competition, West Coast stay-at-homes this year decided on an all-out effort. Occasion: the third São Paulo Biennale, which Brazilian Millionaire Francisco Matarazzo Sobrinho has promoted to rank with Venice's Biennale and the Carnegie International as a worldwide roundup of modern art.

"I'm Amazed." To field their best, West Coast museum directors from Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles, headed by San Francisco Museum Director Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley (TIME, Feb. 28), selected the outstanding talents in their own areas, weeded down their entries to 98 works from 88 West Coast painters, printmakers and sculptors.

No one expected the relatively unknown Americans to walk off with a major prize at São Paulo last week. Aiming at a broad regional showing, the U.S. presented only one or two works by each artist, rather than the ten or more works which a jury expects to see before granting top honors. Bent on "making up for the injustice at Venice" last year, the ten-man jury gave the \$4,000 grand prize to France's aging (74) modernist master, Fernand Léger (TIME color page, June 22, 1953—see cut), then bypassed 29 works by topflight British Painter Graham Sutherland to hand the next prize of \$1,300 to Italian Abstractionist Alberto Magnelli. Top sculpture award went to another Italian, 45-year-old Sculptor Mirko, for his bronze, stone and copper figures. Not until the jury got to the 18 lesser awards did a West Coast artist finally score: a purchase award to Kentucky-born San Franciscan Ralph du Casse, 39, for his strong linear abstraction entitled *The Viking*. The news, when it reached California, all but floored Prizewinner du Casse. Said he: "I'm amazed. I don't paint to sell. That's too much to hope for."



Robert Locketbach

PAINTER DU CASSE
Making out in San Francisco.

Hash Slingers & Barkeeps. The plight of Painter du Casse is typical of most Western artists. After getting an M.A. in art at the University of California on the G.I. bill, Du Casse took a year in Paris, polished off at Hans Hofmann's stronghold of abstract art in New York. But back in San Francisco with a wife and two children to support, Du Casse had to take a job as a furniture salesman, now paints only on his days off.

Other artists teach, full or part time. Those who cannot find teaching jobs unload fish, run elevators, keep bar, build boats. In Sausalito, Calif., for instance, the Glad Hand restaurant alone boasts two painters as cooks.

Despite the tough economic cross-rip,



LEGER'S "THE BUILDERS"
Making up for Venice.

West Coast artists have strong reasons for hanging on. The West Coast scenery is an obvious inspiration for any artist. And most feel deeply rooted in their communities. Says Portland's Carl Morris: "There's a determination here to find your own way, to be an individual and not get lost in a 'school.'" Besides, artists find that economics works both ways. Says the wife of a leading San Francisco abstract artist, Walter Kuhlman: "If you have to live in a cold-water flat, you'll be a lot more comfortable here than in New York."

Top of the League. Only a handful of resident West Coast artists have earned international, or even nationwide, reputations. Among those who have: Seattle's Mark Tobey, 64, with his shimmering, Orient-influenced "white writing," and Morris Graves, 45, whose paintings have the touch of Chinese brushwork; Los Angeles' Rico Lebrun, 55, founder of the West Coast's school of symbolic realism.

But the tie that binds most West Coast artists together is, by and large, a headlong devotion to abstract art. Under the tutelage of Abstract Expressionists Cly福德 Still and Mark Rothko (now decamped for the East), the techniques of drip and scrawl took hold like an epidemic of rabies. Currently, West Coast abstract painting tends to be more free and open, reflecting the mood and terrain of the West. But still, as one San Francisco painter points out: "About the only way you can be radical around here is to paint flowers."

In the hands of talented youngsters and oldtimers alike, the West has produced some handsome results, as the current São Paulo Biennale shows. Among the works from the top of the West Coast league: from Los Angeles, the hard-punching abstractions of Hans Burkhardt, the luminescent abstractionism of S. MacDonald-Wright, the liquid impressionism of Sueo Serisawa, and the violent bird-fighting picture of Jack Zajac, 25, currently a top student at Rome's American Academy; from San Francisco, strong abstract canvases by David Park and Robert McChesney, and the powerful, six-foot abstractions of Richard Diebenkorn, 33; from Portland, the expressive sea forms of Charles Heaney and the smoky, complex abstraction of Louis Bunce; from Seattle, the meticulous work of Tobey and Graves.

A Look West. In sculpture, the best U.S. works looked fresh from the machine shop: from Portland's Tom Hardy, 33, a welded-steel zebu; from Los Angeles' peppery Bernard Rosenthal, a hammered bronze "Crab's Nest"; from San Francisco's Keith Monroe, a Giacometti-like grouping of steel figurines. Only notable absentee artists were two ex-San Franciscans, John Hultberg, 33 (TIME, May 2), winner of this year's Corcoran Biennial, and Sam Francis, 32, currently the leading young American painter in Paris.

But even without them, the West Coast's São Paulo showing convincingly proved that American art is as broad as the U.S. itself.



The HARE and the TORTOISE

Bang! And the hare was off like a shot, the race half won. Then he stopped for a rest—but the tortoise didn't. He just kept plodding along, finally caught the hare napping—and, as everybody knows, went on to win in a walk.

That's the way it is in the stock market, too.

Day after day you hear stories about spectacular profits being made in the market . . . about big speculators who made fortunes overnight.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Top Ten

The ten most popular TV shows, according to the latest Nielsen ratings:

- 1) *George Gobel Show*
- 2) *I Love Lucy*
- 3) *Jackie Gleason Show*
- 4) *Disneyland*
- 5) *Ford Theater*
- 6) *Dragnet*
- 7) *Toast of the Town*
- 8) *Producers' Showcase*
- 9) *Lux Theater*
- 10) *Your Hit Parade*

The Week in Review

For TV, summer is a time of hard-boiled stocktaking, half-baked promises and raw replacements. Last week there were fewer replacements, grander promises—and an unexpected twist to the season's stocktaking.

Boom in the West. Hollywood, the "enemy" movie capital, was having a TV boom, and New York, TV capital of the U.S., was worried. Hollywood actors alone have upped their collective annual income by more than a third, from \$29 to \$39 million, according to the *New York Times*' Jack Gould. Jumping from a one-to-a two-industry city, Hollywood is now home territory to about 250 companies which are in the \$100-million-a-year business of producing TV films. In 1956, Hollywood will produce more than 3,000 hours of TV entertainment, both live and on film. What this means is clear from a comparison with the motion picture companies' expected production for the nation's movie screens: at most 300 hours of entertainment.

Eight of the nine major movie studios have decided to go into TV in one way or another. The three major TV networks (NBC, CBS, ABC) have established—or have plans for—large plants and are developing increasing facilities for live and TV film production in Hollywood. Concerned over the trend away from New York toward the coast, New York's Governor Averell Harriman, backed by New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner, met with TV network officials to persuade them to build the same kind of large, permanent studios in New York that they are building in Hollywood.

The loudest promises of TV wonders to come were heard from NBC. The network promised more than 75 Spectacular-sized shows, almost twice the number of Spectaculars (39) that it produced during the past season. Among the wonders: a repeat of last season's successful *Peter Pan*; a two-hour telecast of Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, starring Mary Martin and Helen Hayes; a musical version of the Pulitzer Prize play *Our Town*, starring Frank Sinatra; a series of one-and-a-half-hour Sunday afternoon productions of Shakespeare's plays, starring Maurice Evans; a series of 90-minute original TV plays by the best TV playwrights NBC can lay hands on.

Slump in the Summer. Meanwhile, summer replacement shows were working on the theory that entertainment should be as much fun in hot weather as in cold (TIME, June 27). Unhappily, not a single summer show, including two NBC one-shot Spectaculars (*Remember—1938* and *Allen in Movieland*), has yet risen above a depressingly low level of mediocrity.

The most promising and engaging personality on the summer replacement circuit is Johnny Carson, 29-year-old comic of CBS's *The Johnny Carson Show*

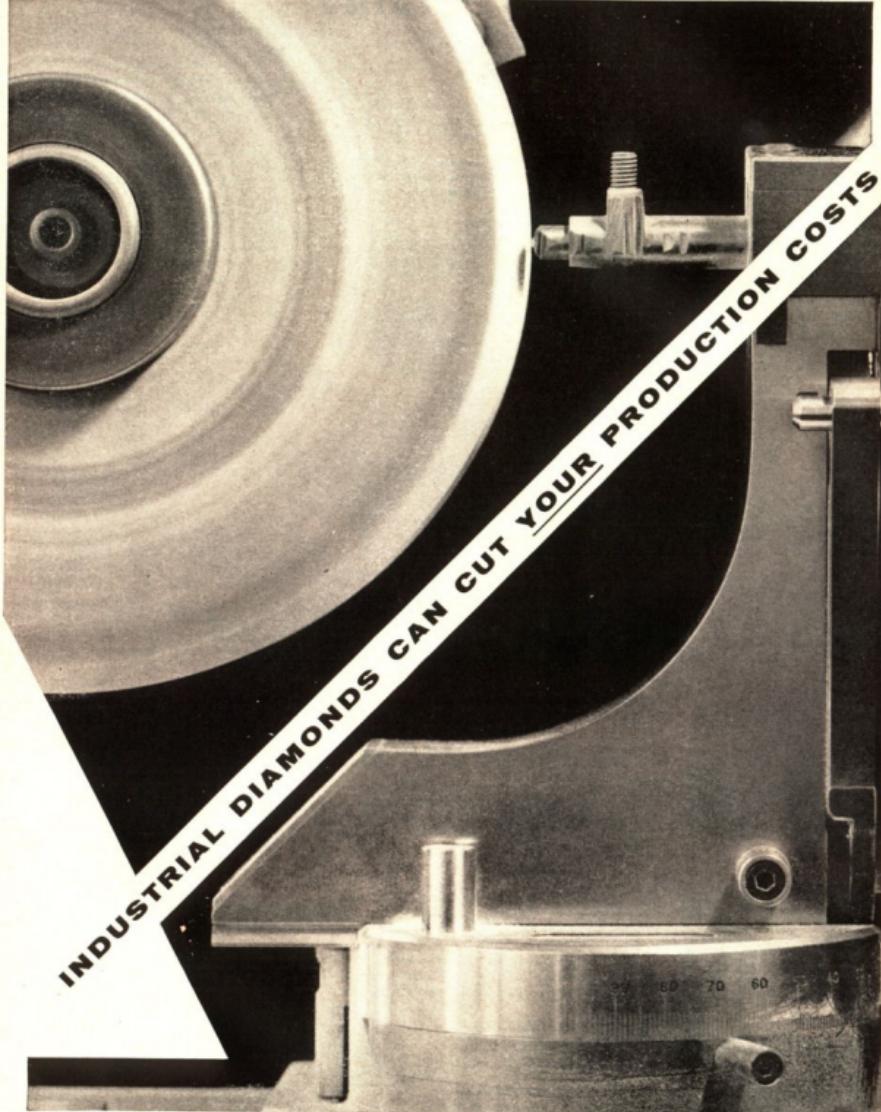


JOHNNY CARSON

With lowered voice, a raised eyebrow.

(Thurs. 10 p.m., E.D.T.). With a droll sense of humor, Carson never raises his voice, but has an effective way of raising an eyebrow, and he combines a slow double-take with a quick smile. Given good material, he could be irresistibly funny.

Apart from Carson, comics were not doing so well, except perhaps financially. Three of them, Jackie Gleason, Sid Caesar and George Gobel, were keeping their names on TV all summer by producing the replacements for their own comedy hours. In the Gleason spot was CBS's *America's Greatest Bands* (Sat. 8 p.m., E.D.T.), which presents four different jazz bands each week and thus far has seemed intent on proving how unimaginatively popular music can be presented in a visual medium. In Sid Caesar's NBC spot was *Caesar Presents* (Mon. 8 p.m., E.D.T.), a catastrophically unfunny comedy show. Said the trade sheet *Variety*: "Originally, it was Caesar's intent to base the summer series on the misadventures



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of a traveling band . . . but somewhere along the line, the whole idea misfired and they settled for a revue format. On the basis of Monday's [program], this show should have gone lost too."

The most disappointing of the new summer shows was last week's *U.S. Steel Hour* (Wed. 10 p.m., E.D.T.), which switched from ABC to CBS and began new dramatic series with *The Meanest Man in the World*. It was a farce about a kind young man with a mean old father who demanded that the mortgage be foreclosed on a defenseless old widow and a deserted orphan on Christmas Eve. Much of the writing was pretty good, particularly when the father was teaching his son the first principles of meanness: "Nice guys don't win ball games . . . The road to failure is paved with kind hearts . . . The good die young . . . You've got to be mean, merciless and mercenary to get ahead in the world." Unfortunately, the director and the actors botched the farce by trying to play it realistically.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, July 13. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Kraft Television Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Straw* by Eugene O'Neill.

Front Row Center (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *Kitty Foyle*, starring Janet Blair.

Climax (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Escape of Mendès-France*, a dramatization of true-life adventure of the former French Premier, starring Louis Jourdan.

President Eisenhower (Fri. 8:15 p.m., all radio and TV networks). Before flying to Geneva for the Four-Power Conference, the President talks to the nation about world problems.

Dateline Disneyland (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). A live, 90-minute preview of Walt Disney's new entertainment park at Anaheim, Calif.

The Meeting at the Summit (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). World leaders and correspondents dramatizing the significance of the Four Power conference in Geneva.

Music '55 (Tues. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Stan Kenton and orchestra, abetted by Gloria De Haven, the Four Freshmen, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Marie Knight.

RADIOS

Monitor (Sat. 8 a.m. to Sun. midnight, NBC). A marathon, catchall weekend show of music, drama, comedy, etc., etc.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:30 a.m., CBS). Dr. Lyman Bryson conducting a discussion of Percy Bysshe Shelley's nature lyrics.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Sixten Ehrling conducting the Stockholm Royal Opera Orchestra in the third act of Wagner's *Die Walküre*.

Berkshire Festival (Mon. 8:15 p.m., NBC). The Boston Symphony at Tanglewood, Mass.

The Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Guest: Violinist Isaac Stern.

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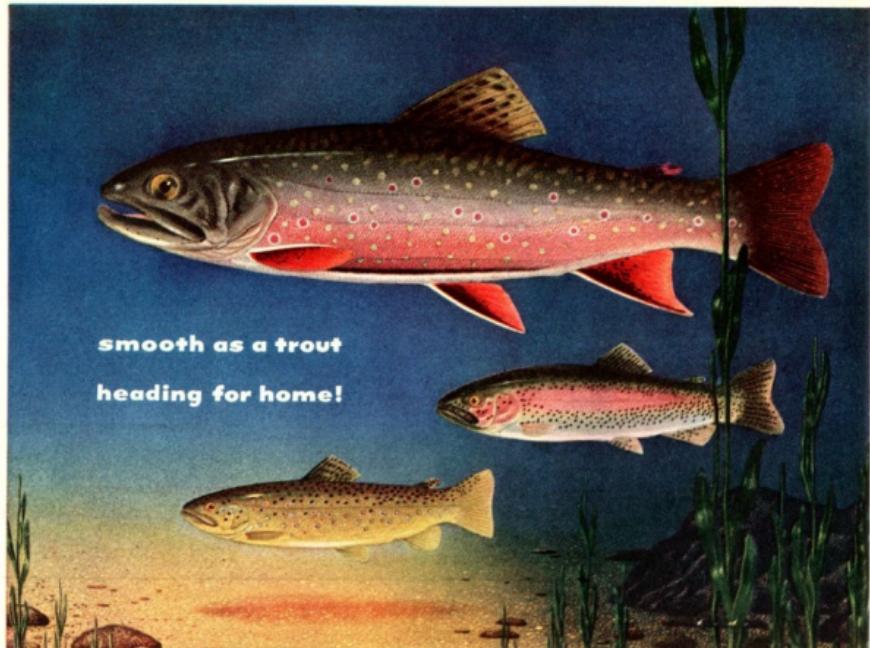
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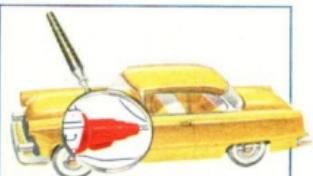
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MILESTONES

Born. To Patrice Munsel, 30, Metropolitan Opera coloratura, and Robert Schuler, 34, TV producer and director: their second child, first son. Name: Rhett Carroll. Weight: 6 lbs. 15 oz.

Married. Cecilia DeMille Calvin, 19, granddaughter of Cinemogul Cecil B. DeMille; and Major Abbas El Boughdady, 33, Egyptian cavalry officer; in twin (Moslem and civil) ceremonies; in San Francisco.

Died. Brigadier General Clinton Dermott ("Casey") Vincent, 49, operations officer of the Continental Air Defense Command, World War II ace (16 Jap planes), and winner of the Silver Star and D.F.C. for his exploits as General Claire Chennault's operations officer and deputy chief of staff in the China-Burma-India theater; in Colorado Springs. West Pointer Vincent was the prototype of "Vince Casey" in Milton Caniff's comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*, became (at 29) one of the youngest general officers in Army history.

Died. Paul W. White, 53, veteran radio newsmen, organizer and longtime (1934-46) director of news broadcasts for the Columbia Broadcasting System; after long illness; in San Diego.

Died. Arch Ward, 58, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, famed for his catch-all column "Wake of the News," personal promoter of the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament and originator of the annual All-Star Baseball Game (in 1933) and Football Game (in 1934); of coronary thrombosis; in Chicago.

Died. Dr. Wendell M. Latimer, 62, professor of chemistry at the University of California, onetime (1943-47) director of the Manhattan Project, winner (in 1948) of a Presidential Certificate of Merit for his wartime contribution to the development of the atomic bomb; of a heart attack; in Oakland, Calif.

Died. Adolfo de la Huerta, 74, onetime revolutionary Mexican political leader, Provisional President of Mexico for seven months in 1920, between the assassination of President Venustiano Carranza and the election of General Alvaro Obregón; of a heart ailment; in Mexico City. An original member of the revolutionary movement which overthrew General Porfirio Diaz in 1911, Huerta at first supported Carranza as leader of the revolution, later shifted his support to Obregón, but broke with him when both became presidential candidates in 1923. After an attempted revolt by his followers was blocked by U.S. intervention in 1924, Huerta fled the country, spent the next decade as a voice teacher in California, was pardoned and returned to Mexico in 1935 but never regained political prominence.



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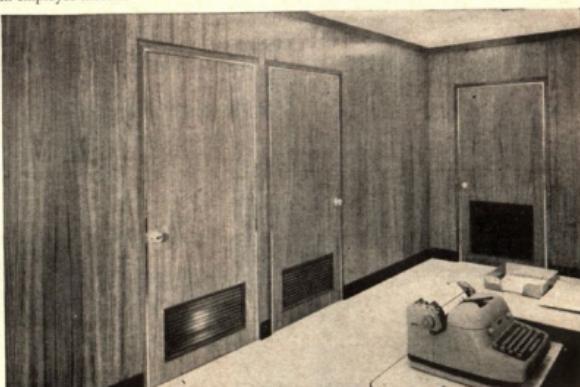
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FEWER ROAD DELAYS. "Since switching to nylon cord tires, we haven't had one single road delay caused by tire trouble," reports Mr. Aikins. "That's an important advantage in speeding up service and maintaining our schedules."



In today's highly competitive trucking industry, tire performance can often mean the difference between profit and loss. Now, truckers' actual experience proves that nylon cords give more mileage . . . lowest cost per mile. From all over the country come reports that nylon gives the best protection yet against tire failure . . . guards against expensive road delays that throw deliveries off schedule . . . makes possible tires that give more recaps.

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SPORT

First Across

Juan de Fuca Strait, a frigid, 18-mile channel that separates Vancouver Island from the state of Washington, challenges distance swimmers with the same fierce fascination that Mount Everest arouses in mountaineers. Since last April, when the Victoria *Times* offered \$1,000 to the first swimmer to cross the strait, four men and three women have tried for the prize, have been defeated by the channel's fierce tides and unrelenting chop. Last week a barrel-shaped Tacoma logger named Bert Thomas, 29, slipped into the water at Port Angeles, Wash., swam through the night, and eleven hours, 17 minutes and 30 seconds later emerged cold and grinning on the Canadian shore.

Thomas, ex-U.S. Marine and sometime frogman, trained last winter by swimming in Puget Sound, downed gallons of milk and devoured pounds of steak and potatoes to build up his weight to a fat-padded 270 lbs. Four times—like all of his fellow challengers—he tried the straits by swimming from Canada to the U.S., and gave up miles from shore.

Last week Thomas changed his strategy, decided to try the crossing the other way. He timed his 6:50 p.m. take-off from Port Angeles with a gentle evening ebb tide, put nearly four miles of water behind him in two hours. For once, the wind lay still and a gentle swell replaced the usual nasty chop. The water temperature was 48°. While a schooner scouted a mile ahead for friendly currents, the cruiser *King Bacardi* stayed with him. Once each hour, as Thomas rested, his handlers gave him orange juice through a plastic tube, gave him cigarettes to puff.

As the flotilla crossed the midstream boundary line into Canada, Victoria householders turned on their porch lights as beacons. By 11 o'clock Thomas was safely past Race Rocks, usually a tidal trap but now beneficially calm. At 1 o'clock he shouted: "It sure is cold." A few minutes later: "How'm I doin'? I want the truth now." Replied a voice from the *King Bacardi*: "You've caught 1½ miles in the



Canadian Press
SWIMMER THOMAS
Fat, smart and happy.

last 20 minutes." A little later Thomas was out: "You fellas got nothing to worry about. Sit back and relax."

As dawn broke, Thomas could see crowds gathering along the Victoria shoreline. With an exuberant sprint, he closed the last 25 yards, staggered up the beach into the arms of his wife. Then, after a cup of coffee, he was whisked off to Victoria for a municipal welcome. Later, with nearly \$3,000 in prize money and bonuses in his pocket, he expanded on his plans: "I'd like to try the Golden Gate swim and after that the Gibraltar strait. If I don't get too old, I'd like to break every swimming record there is."

As Predicted

Uniform of the day was the blue, brass-buttoned blazer and snappy nautical cap of the well-heeled yachtsman; the easy banter was the well-oiled chatter of pleasure-boat skippers out for a good time. But back of the byplay, the briefing session in the Travers Island boathouse of the New York Athletic Club one evening last

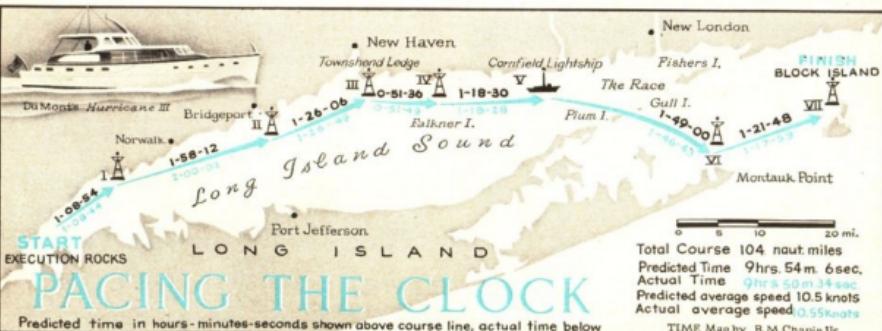
week was as studied and serious as a premission meeting of wartime PT-boat skippers.

Close Calculation. Each of the 25 skippers in the 42nd annual predicted-log powerboat race up the length of Long Island Sound (see chart) had spent long hours computing his course; he had counted down to the last second just how long it would take him to pass each control point along the way. He had, if his calculations were correct, accounted for the effect of wind and tide; he had gone over his figures for the umpteenth time. Then he had filed his predictions with the race authorities.

This was a sport for navigator types—more akin to chess than racing—and in the next day's race, speed alone would count for nothing. Only the official observer on each boat would carry a watch; only he would be able to record just how close his skipper was keeping to his estimates. If all went well, if navigational skill was equal to predicted-log equations, every boat would churn past the finish line at Block Island at exactly 7 p.m. The time-measured margin of error (including the error at each control point) would determine the winner.

Telltale Ripples. In all the fleet that edged past Execution Rocks Light and set out for Block Island, no skipper had lavished more care on his predicted log than two-time Race Winner Dr. Allen B. Du Mont, 54, in his 54-ft. Trumpy-built cruiser *Hurricane III*. An engineer by profession (and president of the \$63 million Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., which manufactures television sets and a variety of other electronic instruments), he had figured his time with professional precision. A seasoned sailor, he had laid out his course with professional skill.

Porpoises played off the port beam of *Hurricane III* on the first leg. Under the muggy mist there was no breeze, and beyond Execution Rocks the boat passed no buoys where Skipper Du Mont could check for the telltale ripples that would help him estimate the tide. Still, he had a feeling he was moving too fast; he reduced engine speed as he pulled up to the first marker. Then the breeze freshened. Sailboats drifted through an almost wind-





Grand Canyon, Arizona

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For sheer impact, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a spectacle unmatched in all the world — a titanic gash in the earth's surface four to eighteen miles wide and a mile deep, in which the Empire State Building would be reduced to insignificance. It's a strange land of violent color, where spring flowers bloom down in the canyon while February snows cover the rim. As a national park it belongs to you.

Carved by the waters of the Colorado, the Canyon presents in its rock strata the world's finest record of geologic time. In its task, the mighty, muddy river carries half a

million tons of silt a day past any given point — enough material to fill 10,000 freight cars. Small wonder that its waters have been described as "too thick to drink and too thin to plow."

The size, the color, the silence of the Canyon produce a wide range of reactions. Some viewers are exalted... some, humbled... some, mystified... some, frightened. But the Colorado just keeps on with the job. Typically American in spirit, it may get boisterous and rambunctious at times... but its handiwork is the wonder of the world.

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Sinclair Salutes the American Planning and Civic Association

Sinclair salutes the American Planning and Civic Association, one of the nation's oldest conservation organizations, for its help in establishing the National Park Service and its constant efforts to stimulate interest in the Parks.

Founded in 1904 under the leadership of Dr. J. Horace McFarland, the Association today has a nation-wide membership with headquarters at 901 Union Trust Building, Washington, D.C. One of its principal purposes is to develop, in all Americans, a better understanding and appreciation of the National Parks as part of our priceless national heritage.

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

less race off the Connecticut shore. *Hurricane III* was passing lobster pots now, and narrow, leaning oyster-bed stakes, so the skipper could get a reading on the current. It was not up to pre-race calculations. Off Point No. Point, southeast of Bridgeport, he reduced r.p.m. again. Behind him, half a dozen skippers thought twice as they held to course and speed.

Best of Ten. Off Plum Island, Skipper Du Mont got the kind of break no sailor can guess in advance: he came upon a boat in distress. The ketch *Rolling Stone*, out of Red Bank, N.J., was rolling in the easy swell, her ensign flying upside down from the mizzenmast. She had lost her rudder shaft. Under the rules, no matter how much time Dr. Du Mont lost going to her aid, he would get a perfect score for leg 6. Within minutes, the Coast Guard had been called by radio, and *Hurricane III* was back on course.

As the bleak rise of Block Island loomed out of the mist, the fleet pulled together. Almost on the dot of 7 p.m., the boats, remarkably close, began to cross the finish line. The *Hurricane III*, with the best score of her ten races to Block Island, had a 1.08% error. It was a tribute to the skillful navigation of the powerboat fleet that Skipper Du Mont's fine performance only earned second place. The winner: the *Irene K. IV*, a brand-new 46-ft. Chris-Craft delivered only four days before Elias A. Kalil of Manhasset, N.Y.

Scoreboard

¶ In Scotland, the 95th British Open Golf championship was played on the rugged Old Course at St. Andrews. The winner for the second year in a row: Australia's sure-stroking, young (25) Professional Peter Thomson, whose total of 281 shaved two strokes off the Old Course Open mark he set last year.

¶ The visiting U.S. chess players had a fine time in Moscow—except when they sat down at the chess tables. There the Russian grand masters, who whipped them 20-12 last year in New York, gave them their worst trouncing yet, 25-7. But the U.S. team had considerable consolation. Its own champion, Samuel Reshevsky, beat Russia's World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik, 2½-1½.

¶ His temper frayed by the heat and a prolonged 4-4 tie during a night game at Cincinnati, Redlegs Manager Birdie Tebbets bawled that the Cards were stalling unconscionably. Cardinal Pilot Harry Walker roared a reply, and in no time at all Tebbets and Walker grappled in the dust, triggered the season's most spirited rhubarb. While Cincinnati's monolithic (6 ft. 2 in., 225 lbs.) Ted Kluszewski laughingly held struggling Cardinal Solly Hemus in a bear hug on the sideline, some 15 brawls burgeoned all around the infield. But it was really too hot to fight; few blows landed with real conviction. Cops soon stopped the festivities with gentle words. Penalties: a \$100 fine slapped on each manager by League President Warren Giles, who had seen the Donnybrook in mute rage. Final score (if it mattered): Redlegs 5, Cardinals 4.



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BUSINESS

WALL STREET

The Blue-Chip Boom

Not in years has the stock market had such a wide-swinging week. In one day the Dow-Jones industrial index shot up 7.99 points, the biggest gain since Sept. 5, 1939, after World War II began. Next day prices dropped 7.18 points, the biggest break since March 14, when investors were scared by the Fulbright committee.

The cause of the fireworks was a surprise announcement by General Motors that it was splitting its stock three shares for one, held as of Aug. 8, the fifth stock split* in G.M.'s history. It will give G.M.

Oil (N.J.) advanced 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, to 138; Sears, Roebuck climbed 5 points, to 98.25.

But the big rise in the Dow-Jones industrial average gave a false picture of the market. The index, made up of 30 stocks, mostly blue-chip, includes G.M. While they were jumping, many other stocks declined. Of the 1,331 issues traded 636 closed lower, while only 361 advanced (234 were unchanged). The next day, as traders took part of their sizable one-day profits in blue chips, the index had its big drop. Ordinarily, a one-day drop of more than 7 points in the average would shake the market, set off a prolonged selling wave. But this time no one

bright hearings ended. High-priced stocks have gained 8% in value, according to Standard & Poor's index, while its index of low-priced stocks has shown a loss of .3%. One big reason is that investment trusts and big institutional buyers have been purchasing blocks of what they consider the safest stocks, and have been tucking them away.

Almost as important has been the attitude of individual investors. They are less interested in dividends than in growth stocks and in profits from lower-taxed capital gains. To most investors the bigger companies appear best able to move ahead with the fast-growing U.S. economy. Thus, they have been concentrating on such giants as Du Pont, selling at about 30 times its earnings (normally, security analysts think a stock is doing well if it sells at ten times its earnings), and I.B.M., a leader in automation, which is selling at almost 40 times earnings. In three months buying for growth has boosted the stocks of chemical companies (exclusive of Du Pont) on Standard & Poor's index up 14% and aluminum companies 32%.

Trouble Ahead? How high will the market go? Last week it was possible to get all shades of opinion on Wall Street. One broker even predicted that the Dow-Jones industrials would hit 1,000. But some brokers lifted warning fingers. Stock prices have been going up so high and so fast that dividend rates have not been keeping pace. Traditionally, brokers start to worry when yields of stocks and bonds get close. They fear that many investors, discouraged by comparatively low stock yields will start shifting from stocks to safer bonds, possibly touching off a major decline in stock prices. Last week yields on industrial stocks were averaging 3.53%, down almost a third of a point in two weeks, while high-grade bond averages were almost steady at 2.96%. But, because so many investors appear to be buying for growth instead of dividends, brokers are beginning to doubt if narrowing yields mean much in the current market. As a further sign of strength, in three out of the last four weeks, bank loans to brokers in New York City for buying on margin have declined. Thus, despite the recent fast rise in the market, the amount of buying on credit has actually declined.

FOREIGN TRADE

Yank, Go Home

For three years Mark Shaw, a U.S. marketing and production expert, worked in Europe to help the French shoe and clothing industries increase productivity. Last week Shaw, who was manager of the Famous Department Stores' West Coast chain before entering Government service, ended his stint in France with a blast at French industrialists. U.S. funds for the program, he told French officials, usually ended in the hands of the "enemies of productivity"—the powerful, price-fixing



United Press

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AFTER G.M. STOCK SPLIT

The bigger they were, the harder they swung.

278,683,500 shares of stock, more than three times the total for General Electric, which has the second biggest amount of stock outstanding.

The Morning After. The morning after the split was announced, the rush to buy G.M. stock was so great that Stock Exchange officials could not "open" the stock (*i.e.*, match buy and sell orders) for an hour and forty-five minutes. When the stock finally opened, 85,000 shares were traded at 128, up 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ over the previous close. By the time the market closed, buying was a little less frantic and the stock eased to \$127.75. For the day, the increase in the paper value of General Motors stock was \$1,335,357,437.

Prices of other high-priced stocks also soared as investors bought in hopes that they would follow G.M.'s lead and split: I.B.M. was up 8 points, to 425; Standard

* Anyone who bought one share of G.M. stock, valued at \$370, in 1920, and held it, would have had 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ shares last week valued at \$4,800, plus another \$3,400 in dividends. The new split would give the holder 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ shares.

was frightened. By week's end, the market had settled down, and the blue chips staged a small recovery.

Purchase Plan. Why had G.M. decided to split its stock? There were many reasons. Among them: G.M. was anxious to lower the price, thus persuade many more people to become shareholders. Further, when it announced the split, G.M. also revealed a stock-purchase plan for salaried employees. Under the plan, G.M. will contribute 50¢ toward the purchase of company stock for every dollar contributed by each of its 100,000 salaried employees. Thus, G.M. will soon be in the market for its own stock, and the more shares outstanding the simpler it will be to buy it.

Growth Wanted. The week's ups and downs were the latest evidence that the great bull market in U.S. history has primarily been a market for blue chips. Since last January, the Dow-Jones industrial index has climbed almost steadily, from 391.89 to 461.18 at week's end. And the sharpest rise has come since the Ful-

TIME CLOCK

French trade associations. Summing up French reaction to the program, Shaw quoted an executive of a men's wear trade association that had accepted \$228,000 to improve marketing and distribution: "We do not need you Americans. All we want is your money."

Some French manufacturers welcomed and profited by American planning. Strasbourg's Vestra Co., one of the big French clothing manufacturers, streamlined buying, manufacturing and selling along U.S. lines, increased productivity 30%, boosted sales 40%, cut prices and raised wages 15%. Marseille's Soulet shoe company trebled sales volume in a little more than one year by dropping unprofitable lines, reorganizing production and revitalizing sales policy. Altogether, said Shaw, 8,500 French shoe and men's clothing workers are now drawing higher wages by producing more goods, while the French consumer is paying less for many items.

But fewer than 1% of the manufacturers approached by Shaw actually carried through with productivity plans. He blamed the lack of interest on trade associations, such as the French Women's Garment Industry Federation, which would rather suppress competition and preserve high profit margins than raise wages and lower prices by increasing employees' output. After three years in which he had not once seen France's anticartel laws enforced, Shaw said French enterprise is more fettered than free. His prescription: some U.S.-style "trustbusting" to dissolve restrictive cartels.

World in Boom

The economic boom in the free world has spurred both U.S. exports and imports. Last week the Department of Commerce reported that during 1955's first four months U.S. exports were 13% larger than they had been in the same period a year ago.

Sales to Western Europe showed the largest gain, exports of \$1,068,549,000 in the first quarter v. \$687,818,000 last year. Latin American nations came next, buying \$749,775,000, a gain of close to \$40 million, and Canada, the biggest single U.S. customer, bought \$692,685,000, a boost of more than \$40 million. Sales to Asia, Australia and New Zealand reached \$614,195,000, up almost \$70 million, and African purchases increased about \$41 million, to \$146,162,000.

During the first four months U.S. imports were 4.3% heavier than they were last year. Again, Europe showed the biggest gain, selling \$568,568,000 in the U.S., a gain of better than \$100 million over year-ago volume. Imports from Canada went up \$43 million, to \$570,853,000, while Asia, Australia and New Zealand sold \$840,510,000 worth of products here, v. \$463,968,000 a year ago. The only drop was in imports from Latin America (most of the decline was caused by lower coffee prices) and Africa.

RECORD EMPLOYMENT in June pushed the number of U.S. jobholders over the 64 million mark for the first time in history. Employment jumped 1,313,000 to a total 64,016,000, or 325,000 more than the previous peak (August 1953). Overtime pay is running at the highest level in history, while factory hiring tops layoffs by the greatest margin since 1950.

FAST TAX WRITE-OFFS for new defense building will be sharply cut back if Treasury Secretary George Humphrey has his way. Humphrey says that the U.S. has handed out five-year write-offs for projects worth \$30.4 billion since 1950, costing the Government \$1 billion in taxes annually. At Humphrey's request, the Office of Defense Mobilization is reviewing its tax program to see how it can cut down on write-offs.

SILVER BATTLE is brewing in the Senate over a bill to repeal the Government's silver-purchase law. Under the law, the Treasury must buy U.S.-mined silver at a fixed price of 90.14¢ an oz. Silver-users' packing bill, introduced by Rhode Island Senator Theodore Green, to eliminate silver price supports, thus driving down the price, but western Senators are fighting tooth and nail to kill the idea.

URANIUM STOCK RUSH should be slowed down by new Securities & Exchange Commission rules. In a move to eliminate racketeers in penny stocks, the SEC will tighten its small-securities regulations by requiring brokers to give full details of all proposals, place a certain amount of stock-sale proceeds in escrow to insure that investment money will be used for legitimate business purposes.

LUFTHANSA AIR ROUTES are finally set, despite the strong objection of almost every big U.S. airline (TIME, June 27). Under an agreement signed by the State Department, Lufthansa will get routes from West Germany to Chicago and the U.S. East Coast, and from there to the Caribbean and South America, plus a

polar route to the West Coast. In return, TWA and Pan American will get the privilege of picking up passengers from six German cities for flights around the world. Snapped Florida's Senator George Smathers: "A thoughtless and completely unjustified giveaway."

UNION OIL CO. of California, which has 14% of the West Coast oil and refined-products market (1954 sales: \$349,700,000), will build a \$20 million business center in downtown Los Angeles with 1,000,000 sq. ft. of office space and an underground garage for 1,500 cars.

DEPARTMENT-STORE MERGER will push the Associated Dr. Goods chain (1954 sales: \$154.4 million) out to the West Coast. Associated, which now owns Manhattan's Lord & Taylor plus stores in Buffalo, Newark, Minneapolis, Baltimore and Louisville, will take over Southern California's J. W. Robinson Co. stores in a cash and stock deal.

CALIFORNIA TIDELANDS will soon get a bigger play from oil companies. Under a new bill signed by Governor Goodwin Knight, companies may drill from piers and barges, can lease most of California's 2,000,000 tideland acres on a cash-bonus-plus-royalty (a minimum 16½% of production on proved offshore lands, 12½% on unproved fields) basis. Most exploration up to now has been by slant drilling from the shore.

SPORTING-GOODS MERGER will put A. G. Spalding & Bros. in a neck-and-neck race with Wilson for top position in the industry. Spalding, now second with 1954 sales of \$27.2 million, is negotiating a deal to acquire Rawlings Manufacturing Co., the fourth biggest company, with estimated annual sales of nearly \$12 million. Combined sales of Spalding-Rawlings are expected to equal or surpass those of Wilson, which is a division of Wilson & Co. meat packers, thus does not announce its annual sales figures separately.

HIGH FINANCE Strike Against Wolfs

Louis Wolfs, who normally loves the spotlight, was busy dodging it. He ducked a senatorial subpoena ordering him to testify in the strike of the Wolfsen-controlled Capital Transit Co., which has forced thousands of Washingtonians to hitch rides or walk to work during the past two weeks. Despite the inconvenience, Washingtonians seemed almost solidly against Employer Wolfsen and in favor of his employees, striking for a 25¢-an-hour pay hike and other benefits. Crying that Wolfsen was an "economic carpetbagger," Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse introduced a bill to strip Capital Transit of its franchise.

Even Capital Transit agreed that its employees deserved a pay increase, but

President J.A.B. Broadwater asked: "Where will the money come from?" Most Washingtonians had no answer for this; they did, however, know where Capital Transit's money had gone. In 1949, when the North American Co. had to sell off Capital Transit under the death-sentence clause of the Public Utility Holding Companies Act, Louis Wolfsen and friends bought control (46.5% of the shares) for \$2,189,160. Capital Transit was a conservative old company, with a fund of more than \$6,000,000 set aside for a rainy day. Since 1942, it had been paying a \$2-a-year dividend, but dwindling earnings had forced it to cut its dividend to 50¢. Wolfsen immediately restored the \$2 dividend, paying out a total of \$480,000 to himself and other stockholders the first year, though the company netted only \$332,000. By 1951 the dividend had been

WITHOUT COMPENSATION

Unpaid Businessmen in Government

IN Washington last week, four congressional committees were in hot pursuit of a favorite Democratic quarry: the businessman in Government. Senator Kefauver's anti-monopoly subcommittee, investigating Dixon-Yates, beagled off after Bunker Adolphe Wenzell, charging that he was an unpaid Budget Bureau consultant on Dixon-Yates financing, while remaining a vice president of the First Boston Corp., which expected to collect a \$150,000 fee for financing the deal.

Two other committees probed vague charges that other businessmen in Government had used their official positions for private gain, while, before the House Banking Committee, an Administration bill to encourage businessmen to take Government jobs was having a rough time. The Administration wants to renew the Defense Production Act, which authorizes the employment of businessmen "without compensation," called WOCs in Potomac slang. (They are the latter-day successors of the famed dollar-a-year men, but receive not even the dollar since Congress in 1950 authorized the Government to accept the services of individuals without compensation.)

The Administration objected to a newly added Senate amendment barring the businessmen from policymaking posts. Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks warned the committee that the Senate amendment would prevent Government "from using the best men available." Citing the WOCs who administer 15 out of 25 industry divisions in his department's Business and Defense Services Administration, the Commerce Secretary in effect challenged the skeptical Congressmen to find a "single case . . . of even the slightest impropriety." He argued that barring WOCs from policymaking posts would screen out the top men, for no top executive would make the sacrifice of entering Government service just to function as an exalted clerk.

The "conflict of interests" is one of Washington's knottiest problems. From World War I, when Senator Kenneth McKellar probed Bernard Baruch's dollar-a-year men, to the Korean war, when Congressman Emanuel Celler investigated "Electric Charlie" Wilson's WOCs, the relations of the legislators to businessmen in Government has been marked by suspicion. Through five emergencies, including two world wars, some legislators have been unable to satisfy themselves completely that the Government, in taking advantage of the skills of businessmen, was not being short-changed somehow.

Out of this twoscore years of conflict has developed a dual policy of kicking and cuddling the businessman in Government. Thus every congressional investigation of WOCs has invariably produced 1) glowing praise for their self-sacrifice and honesty, and 2) a warning against their use.

The law regarding businessmen in Government has grown muddled. The original conflict-of-interests statute, enacted in 1917, has been enforced sometimes, disregarded at other times, depending on the political climate. In 1949 the Senate refused to confirm Carl Ilgenfritz to the \$14,800-a-year post of Munitions Board chairman on the ground that Ilgenfritz refused to relinquish his regular \$70,000-a-year salary as a vice president of U.S. Steel. But only a year later, others went to work for Uncle Sam, and kept drawing big company salaries without a word of protest. Furthermore, the executive orders that spell out the status of WOCs are confusing. One section sensibly directs that WOCs be used in the industry divisions where they have the greatest experience. However, another section contradicts this; it directs that WOCs work in positions where they avoid conflict between their Government duties and their past private interests. But, as every bureaucrat knows, the WOCs are most valuable in the fields that they know best. Yet, when they operate in these fields, they are most suspect.

Recently, in an effort to clarify a segment of the muddy problem, the Hoover Commission proposed a new set of ground rules. It suggested amending the conflict-of-interests laws "so that presidential appointees are not forced to liquidate lifetime business equities in order to accept federal appointment." Instead, suggested the commission, "each new appointee should take an oath that he will disqualify himself from participation in any decision which involves his company or his financial interests."

But the proposal has almost no chance of being written into law. Nor would it, in the opinion of most veteran WOCs—the men who know the problem best—settle anything. The solution lies in the selection of good men who have a desire to serve. Says Mike Disalle, former OPS chief, and a Democrat: "You can't make a person honest. A fellow is either honest or he isn't." Said Engine Charlie Wilson on the witness stand during hearings on his nomination for Secretary of Defense: "If I had come here to cheat, by God, I wouldn't be here."

doubled to \$4, and the stock split four for one. In 1952 alone the dividend per share on the basis of the original stock was a whopping \$15.60. In all, in five years, Louis Wolfsen and friends collected some \$3,600,000 in dividends, a return of almost 170% on their investment. During the period, Capital paid out \$8,000,000 in dividends to all stockholders, though its net income was only \$5,200,000. By the beginning of 1955, its \$6,000,000 surplus had melted to \$2,200,000.

For the strike, Capital Transit blamed the District of Columbia Public Utilities Commission, which had refused the company permission for its fourth fare rise since Wolfsen took over.

At week's end, as the pressure mounted, Wolfsen wired the Senate that he would appear at the hearing this week.

REAL ESTATE Pension-Fund Kitty

The men who manage pension and trust funds for workers have a prime problem. How can they invest the \$2,500,000,000 to \$3 billion that is pouring into the funds each year? Three months ago, Manhattan Realtor Louis Sachar, who heads Marshall Management Corp. and owns or has interests in 85 buildings in New York City, decided to help them with a new investment idea. He persuaded two pension funds to pool part of their cash with his organization and form a real-estate buying group with a capital of \$140 million. Although Sachar has kept the name of the funds secret, word of the plan spread. Last week Sachar announced that four more funds had joined his group, pushing its total purchasing power to \$250 million.

RETAIL TRADE Price War in Texas

When some Texas grocers complained earlier this year of price-slashing by Safeway Stores Inc., the Justice Department assigned five antitrust investigators to look into the chain's operations. The outcome: a federal grand jury in Fort Worth last week charged that Safeway's price cuts (10 lb. bag of sugar: 6¢) were an attempt to monopolize the retail grocery business in Texas and New Mexico cities.

In a three-count criminal indictment, Safeway was charged with waging price wars, selling goods below cost, and charging less for some items in Texas than it does elsewhere in the U.S. The indictment also charged that Safeway, with 150 stores in 90 Texas and New Mexico cities (1954 gross: more than \$155 million), made its store managers meet individual sales quotas that represented from 25% to 50% of the total retail grocery business in some areas. Safeway denied any antitrust violations, said its policy is to "meet competitors' prices and not lead them downward." Meanwhile, 157 Abilene area grocers have filed a \$166,000 civil suit against Safeway for losses incurred during a price war in which one independent grocer was forced out of business.

*Duncan Phyfe
or Hepplewhite?
Would your banker
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WHEN it comes to recognizing period styles in furniture, most men have to take a back seat to their wives. But the man you see here can spot the lyre back and the reeded post that identify this chair immediately as Duncan Phyfe.

More important, he knows how to look at the wood and at the way the legs are joined and braced for the characteristics of careful workmanship.

And though you wouldn't normally expect such knowledge in anyone but a furniture man, this man is actually a banker—a loaning officer from The First National Bank of Chicago!

You see, he's from Division J—the Division of our Commercial Department that finances furniture manufacturers—and his interest in furniture takes him into factories and showrooms all over the country.

And this interest and knowledge aren't unusual at The First, thanks to our unique Divisional Organization. Each of our 10 Divisions serves a certain group of industries exclusively, and its officers—through constant study and firsthand contact—come to know their particular fields as few bankers do.

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ATOMIC ENERGY Power Package

The first Army Package Power Reactor, small nuclear power station that can be taken apart and airlifted to its destination, will be in operation by 1957, it was announced last week by Alco Products Inc. Alco and Manhattan's Stone & Webster Engineering Corp. will start building the \$2,006,753 plant this year at Fort Belvoir, Va., where it will be used to train Army engineers in atomic power-station construction and maintenance. The reactor, housed in a vapor-tight steel shell, will turn water into steam, light 600 houses. A single charge of atomic fuel will run the reactor for 18 months. In an emergency, it can be hooked up to a conventional steam-generating plant.

AVIATION New Wings for France

At an aircraft plant in southern France last week, production was being stepped up on a trim, twin-jet plane with a graceful butterfly tail. The plane was France's Magister, a light, two-place trainer (made by Etablissements Fouga) that can hit 450 m.p.h., perform most of the maneuvers of heavier, more expensive combat craft. The French air force has ordered 100 of the new Magisters; last week the hard-to-please NATO training committee was also recommending the plane to West Germany and other NATO nations as the standard basic trainer for fledgling jet pilots.

Businessman's Jet. The Magister is one of the best evidences of the big strides that the French aircraft industry has

made in its comeback from the wreckage of World War II. At first, in 1945, French planemakers had taken off on a false course, designed dozens of fighters, bombers and heavy transports that could not be produced in their ruined factories. But in recent years the industry gradually got its bearings. Instead of trying to compete with the U.S. and Britain all along the line, France's planemakers are now concentrating on smaller projects where French inventive genius is not hampered by the lack of French production facilities.

Besides Fouga, most of France's 24 other air-frame builders and eight engine firms are working on new families of easily produced light jet planes and small engines, are also driving ahead on radical designs for pure research instead of mass production.

In the light-plane field World War I Planemaker Morane-Saulnier has built a sleek, four-place light jet called the Paris, which can buzz along at 400 m.p.h., serve either as a military liaison plane or a high-speed executive transport. Though only one prototype has been built, U.S. Light-Plane-Maker Beechcraft, a novice in the field, is so impressed with the Paris that it is showing it around the U.S., will build it for flying businessmen if there are enough orders. On its American debut, the Morane-Saulnier craft flew Ambassador to the U.S. Maurice de Merville from Washington to New York in 35 minutes, setting a civil aviation record.

In pure research, France's large Société Nationale de Constructions Aéronautiques du Sud-Ouest (S.N.C.A.S.O.) is flying its Trident, a jet-and-rocket-powered interceptor, at supersonic speeds, while the

tiny (400 workers) Leduc Co. has built an even more radical fighter with a needlelike plastic cockpit and a 143,000-lb.-thrust (at 621 m.p.h.) ramjet engine. Carried aloft on the back of a mother ship and released at a high speed, the Leduc ramjet has already passed Mach 1 in a climb, is expected to hit Mach 2 (1,520 m.p.h. at sea level).

The biggest strides of all have been in a field thus far neglected by both the U.S. and Britain: small jet engines. French engine builders, from the government's big SNECMA to Veteran (World War I) Hispano-Suiza, have new light jets flying or on the test stands. The leader so far is Turbomeca, which has nine engines in production from 300 to nearly 900 lbs. static thrust. For the twin-jet Magister and the Paris, Turbomeca has developed a 298-lb. jet with 880 lbs. of static thrust, a power-to-weight ratio of nearly three to one v. two to one in most big military engines. The new engine is so light and economical that Continental Motors will build it under license in the U.S. to power Cessna's new T-37 light jet trainer, now in production for the U.S. Air Force. Furthermore, the Turbomeca engines are so adaptable that France is experimenting with them on lightweight helicopters to get bigger loads, higher speeds and altitudes.

The Mystère. French planemakers have not given up on big planes. Designer and Planemaker Marcel Dassault has turned out 350 Ouragan fighters, France's first swept-wing jets, is now working on a 200-plane order for supersonic super Mystères. S.N.C.A.S.O. is building 140 Vautour fighter bombers at 720-m.p.h. jet that can carry a tactical A-bomb. S.N.C.A.S.O. is



MORANE-SAULNIER PARIS



ROBERT COHEN—AGIP



FOUGA MAGISTER

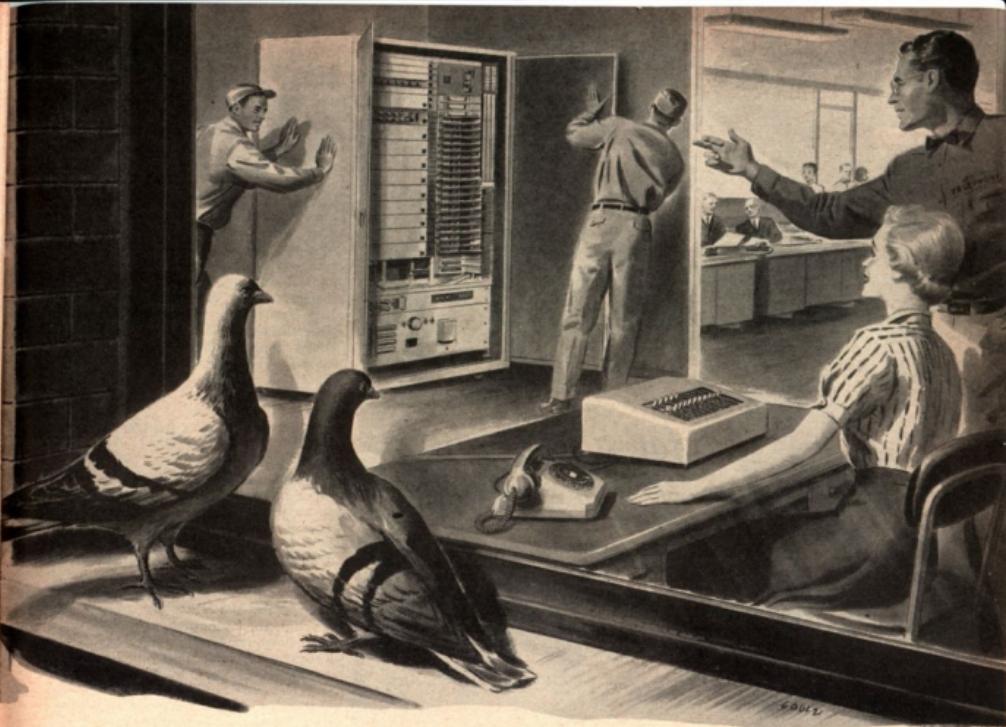
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is his own
lawyer has
a fool
for a
client"*



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test-flying a twin-jet Caravelle transport that can carry up to 91 passengers on medium-length (up to 2,300 miles) air routes at a speedy 455 m.p.h. But so far foreign airlines have shown little interest in buying French-made transports. Even Air France uses American-made Super-Constellations.

Moreover, with only 58,000 workers (210,000 for Britain, 610,000 for the U.S.) in the industry, France cannot compete with the giants in big-plane production, even with a government subsidy of \$400 million. Military orders are still only enough to keep the industry working at 30% (396 planes in 1954) of capacity. Nevertheless, with the success of their Fouga Magister and light Turbomeca engines, French planemakers see the possibility of carving a modest niche in the world's air markets.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Moving Sidewalk. The first passenger conveyor for go around corners was demonstrated by the Robins Conveyors Division of Hewitt-Robins Inc. The flexible rubber belt is also the first conveyor designed to move passengers in two directions at once. Hewitt-Robins will install 1,406 ft. of moving sidewalks (for \$234,700) at the Dallas Airport.

Transistor Phonograph. A 7½-lb. portable phonograph that uses transistors instead of vacuum tubes will be put on sale by the Philco Corp. The phonograph will play for 150 hours on the power produced by four standard flashlight batteries costing 10¢ each v. the \$6 batteries used in current portable phonographs. Price: \$39.95.

Tree Crasher. A giant 60-ton bulldozer strong enough to push a weight equal to 75 passenger cars has been built by R. G. LeTourneau Inc. for the Handley Construction Co., which will use it to uproot trees and underbrush along the Georgia-Florida coastal area. The Tree Crasher, 39 ft. long and 11 ft. high, smashes through jungles on six huge rubber-tired wheels 4 ft. wide and 10 ft. tall, each powered by its own electric motor. The motors, in turn, are powered by two diesel generators near the center of the unit.

Airtight Cap. An airtight container cap that hermetically reseals a glass jar when the lid is pressed on has been put on sale by the Owens-Illinois Glass Co. Originally developed for baby-food pickers, the Vapak lid prevents discoloration of food. It will be sold in a variety of sizes for food and drug items.

Plastic-Coated Plywood. Crown Zellerbach Corp. of San Francisco has developed a weather-resistant plastic sheet that can be heat-bonded to plywood and painted. The fungus-resistant plastic, called CreZon, will be sold in rolls to plywood manufacturers, is expected to make plywood a practical exterior building material under all conditions. It will add slightly to the cost of untreated, top-grade plywood.

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North American Pioneered in all three basic phases of missile design and development:

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Maintaining its leadership in all phases of guided missile development and manufacture, North American is working on advanced new developments in the design and production of rocket engines and guidance and control mechanisms for its own and other missile programs throughout the country. Constant research and development keep North American foremost in aircraft, rocket engines, electronics and peaceful applications of atomic energy. Engineers: For information on North American's missile team, write: Engineering Personnel Office, 12214 Lakewood Blvd., Downey, (Los Angeles County) California. North American also offers challenging career opportunities in its complete engineering facilities at Los Angeles, California, and Columbus, Ohio.



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Box Office

June's top moneymaking movies, as reported by the trade sheet *Variety*:

- 1) *Strategic Air Command* (Paramount)
- 2) *Love Me or Leave Me* (M-G-M)
- 3) *Soldier of Fortune* (20th Century-Fox)
- 4) *Seven Year Itch* (20th Century-Fox)
- 5) *Cinema Holiday* (Independent)
- 6) *The Sea Chase* (Warner)
- 7) *This Island Earth* (Universal-International)
- 8) *Davy Crockett* (Buena Vista)
- 9) *Cinema* (Independent)
- 10) *Marty* (United Artists)

The New Pictures

We're No Angels (Paramount) began life three years ago as a modest French farce by Albert Husson; adapted by Playwrights Sam and Bella Spewack, it became a hit on Broadway, and is still running in London and Australia. Now the fable about three Devil's Island convicts who put their illegal talents to work for an inept but honest businessman turns up in *VistaVision*, starring Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray and Peter Ustinov.

The highly colored, overwhimsical film version suffers because Director Michael Curtiz seems unable to decide whether he is reading from a fairy tale or a police blotter. Sometimes the archness is laid on with a trowel, sometimes the trifling action stops dead for overdetailed explanations. Bogart plays his role pretty straight; Aldo Ray is disconcertingly elfin for an alleged sex fiend; and Ustinov's mugging seems overdone. Basil Rathbone and John Baer wander onscreen long enough to look properly villainous. Joan Bennett and Gloria Talbott add their pretty confusions to the artificial turmoil. Technicolor gives the picture a fairly handsome mounting, but nothing can rescue the story from too much talk and too little zip.

Mr. Roberts (Warner) should be one of the biggest moneymakers of the year. It combines a sure-fire story, the honest Injin appeal of Henry Fonda, and a bagful of tried and true comedy situations. Based on the long-run Broadway hit by Joshua Logan and the late Thomas Heggen, the film gains much from the CinemaScope opportunity to catch the horizon sweeps of the broad Pacific, the majestic overwater parade of a task force, and the sky-filling explosions of ocean dawns and sunsets.

The action takes place on the snail-paced Navy supply ship *Reluctant*, carrying unvitual but necessary cargo, from toothpaste to toilet paper, to all the safe island harbors between Tedium and Apathy. But what moviegoers see is less a ship than a floating prep school: Captain James Cagney is as fussy, opinionated and domineering as any self-seeking headmaster; Henry Fonda, the cargo officer who continually sighs to be in combat,



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Write for illustrated folder

fills the role of a young Mr. Chips; the crew's schoolboy pranks are only thinly disguised as adult antics. Even when the sailors, with binoculars glued to their eyes, are squirming with delight at the glimpse of a nurse taking a shower, it is merely boyish high spirits rather than voyeurism. Similarly, an unexpected shore leave on the island of Elysium has no more reality than the island's name: though the crew is alleged to have got drunk and disorderly, to have broken up a dinner-dance, disrobed six of the town's debutantes, sacked the home of the French governor—under the impression that it was a brothel—and put 38 soldiers in the hospital, there is never a hint of malicious mischief in their fun. A soft reprimand from Fonda is sufficient to calm the most riotous of them.

To win shore leave for the crew, Fonda has to promise Cagney he will end both



JACK LEMMON & HENRY FONDA
Honest Injin.

his insubordination and his efforts to get into combat. The crew, not knowing he has turned submissive for their sakes, sullenly spurn Fonda until they accidentally learn the truth. Then, through mass action and a spot of forgery, they achieve his fondest dream by getting him transferred to a destroyer in action off Okinawa. Thus, Mr. Roberts follows the classic Hollywood boy-meets-girl formula. Only, in this case, it runs: Fonda meets crew, Fonda loses crew, Fonda gets crew.

The acting, direction (by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy) and writing have all the high surface polish and potent inward efficiency of a 1955 car fresh from the assembly line. Fonda, enlarging on his stage performance, has caught every nuance appropriate to the nation's big brother; William Powell, as the ship's doctor, is endlessly kind, benevolent and wise; Jack Lemmon proves once more that he is easily the most engaging of Hollywood's new comedians, and James



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Cagney makes his jack-in-the-box appearances with all of the peppery rancor of a Mr. Punch. The best evidence of the film's accomplishment is that *Mr. Roberts* seldom drags during its more than two hours' running time.

For Producer Leland Hayward, *Mr. Roberts* is the first of a package of three movies. Next is *The Spirit of St. Louis*, starring Jimmy Stewart as Charles Lindbergh; it will be followed by Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, with Spencer Tracy playing the ancient Cuban mariner who catches the big marlin. Hayward, 52, is a lean, tense, much-married (four times) entrepreneur who spends most of his waking hours making business and social calls on the long-distance phone. Nebraska-born and the son of a judge who was later a federal district attorney in New York, Hayward quit Princeton in his sophomore year, has since been an agent for writers and actors, an airline executive, the founder of a school for training World War II pilots, and a successful Broadway producer (*State of the Union*, *Mr. Roberts*, *South Pacific*). Recently ill, Hayward is now working in Hollywood because he feels it is less physically demanding: "Movies are slower than television—slower than the theater, for that matter."

But not even film-making is without its problems. Midway in *Mr. Roberts*, Veteran Director John (*The Informer*) Ford was rushed off for an emergency operation, had to be hurriedly replaced by Mervyn LeRoy. Hayward is also encountering some heavy seas in his preliminary work on *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Since it is being shot in color, none of the black-and-white newsreel footage of Lindbergh's flight can be used. Director Billy Wilder is also having trouble with his aerial shots of St. Louis and Manhattan because the rooftops of both cities are covered with anachronistic TV antennas. Complains Hayward: "It's a tough picture to make because you have history fighting you every step of the way."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Summertime. Katharine Hepburn finds love and gentle heartbreak in *Venice*; with Rossano Brazzi (TIME, June 27).

The Great Adventure. Anne Sucksdorff's nature film, a blending of terror and tenderness in the seasonal round of life in a Swedish forest (TIME, June 20).

The Seven Year Itch. Though the ads promise more fun than the picture delivers, Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy a fairly engaging romp (TIME, June 13).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Marty. The love story of a "very good butcher"; home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).



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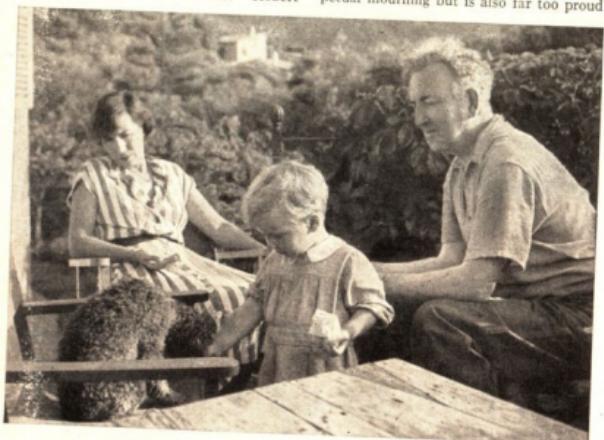
The Goddess & the Poet

In the Beginning was the Woman, "Goddess of All Things," she rose naked out of Chaos, danced so wildly that great wind sprang up. The goddess caressed the wind, and it became a great serpent which coiled itself lustfully around her. The goddess became pregnant, assumed a dove's form, laid "the Universal Egg." Out of the Egg "tumbled all things that exist . . . sun, moon, planets, stars, the earth with its mountains and rivers, its trees, herbs and living creatures." Swollen with pride, the serpent declared himself "the author of the universe," which made the goddess so angry that she kicked out his teeth and banished him to the dark caves below the earth.

According to Scholar-Poet Robert

when Graves starts harping on his goddess. But nearly all would agree that the world would be demonstrably poorer in poetry if Robert Graves had lost faith in his goddess. Without her as Muse, he would never have written poems which rank with the greatest of the century.

Graves has done nothing to change the face of poetry, has never been hailed either as a revolutionary or a representative poet of his generation. He is of no party, no clique, no decade of time. The impression made by his poems is not of a blaze of fireworks but of a white-hot center. At his least impressive, he is spare and dry; at his peak, his closest neighbors are the lyricists of ancient Greece. Where lesser poets exalt or complain lustily, Graves writes like one who is in perpetual mourning but is also far too proud



POET GRAVES WITH WIFE & SON TOMAS
Man rules but woman reigns.

Morey Gil

Graves, the Pelasgians, who inhabited Greece as early as 3500 B.C., thought up this version of genesis. Graves, who makes it the kickoff point of his grandiose two-volume *The Greek Myths* (Penguin; 95¢ a vol.), takes the Egg with a pinch of salt insofar as it pretends to historical accuracy. But he considers it a sound Egg in the mythical sense, in that it expresses the true and natural order of things. For, like the Pelasgians and James Thurber, Poet Graves has no doubt that "woman [is] the dominant sex and man her frightened victim." If the world is in a mess today, he says, it is because egoistical man de-throned the Eggoistical goddess and replaced her with grim-faced deities named Zeus, Jupiter, Jehovah.

Riches in Faith. Theologians laugh at Graves's notions, and archaeologists and anthropologists denounce his methods of research and his reasoning processes. Literary men stuff their fingers in their ears

to take refuge in disillusioned reading or drinking. This combination of subject, doom and kingly dignity gives his works the special quality that distinguishes him from all other poets of the day.

Horns of Orthodoxy. Like many men whose creeds and professions strike others as romantic and even fantastic, Robert Graves is in most ways a down-to-earth type of man. Son of an Irish songwriter, he was born at Wimbledon (a London suburb) in 1895, describes himself as "a true-born Englishman." His education was orthodox British (at Charterhouse and Oxford); so, for his generation, was his service with the Royal Welch Fusiliers in World War I, when he was so badly wounded that he was listed as "killed in action."

In the postwar years, Graves did other things that were then orthodox, e.g., wrote his notable autobiography, *Goodbye to All That*, at the age of 33, tried to make both

ends meet by running a small store outside Oxford, took a job as professor of English literature at Egyptian University in Cairo. "Too weak to dig, too proud to beg," he found himself on the horns of a dilemma that afflicts most poets—"There's no money in poetry, but then, there's no poetry in money, either."

Down the Line. Graves got around the problem by becoming a prose writer. His friend Lawrence of Arabia gave him permission to write the first "official" Lawrence biography; on the proceeds of this and of his own *Goodbye*, Graves was able to settle down on five stony acres in the Spanish island of Majorca. Except when driven home by war, Graves has lived there ever since, enjoying the "best weather in Europe" and the "only sea, the Mediterranean," without abandoning the Greenwich meridian (which passes through London but misses Majorca by about 130 miles). "Those who stay out of England develop a much better sense of the English language," says Graves, "but I could never live far off from the Greenwich meridian."

No less than 60 books have appeared over Graves's signature, but the bulk of them have been scholarlike works, such as *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* (Time, July 26) and *The White Goddess*, or novels written purely as potboilers. Some of the novels, e.g., *I, Claudius; Claudius the God; Sergeant Lamb's America*, are far better than most good-novelists' novels, but they matter little to Author Graves. What does matter is his poems, which year by year have so grown in number that now, in the latest volume, *Collected Poems 1955* (Doubleday; \$4.50), the hand-weeded best of them take up nearly 300 pages.

Meaningless Fizzles. Graves's poems are always short, always severely compressed. They are often difficult to understand because few people know the key to their secret—Graves's tireless interest in the nature of his goddess. Once this involved premise is grasped (if not accepted), a Graves poem can be seen immediately as a model of disciplined lucidity. There are no "unconscious" ravings to perplex the reader, because Graves despises all "so-called surrealists, impressionists, expressionists and neo-romantics." Such "affections of madness" are, Graves believes, the reason why almost all modern forms of art seem meaningless to the beholder; the creative fire of the Western world is still alight, but it fizzles up in willful smoke.

*Sulkiily the sticks burn, and though they crackle
With scorn under the bubbling pot,
or spout
Magnanimous jets of flame against the
smoke,
At each heel end a dirty sap breaks
out.*

Why have the arts taken such a dismal turn? Graves has no doubt of the answer: vainglorious man is paying the penalty for having scorned the Goddess of All Things. All poetry worthy of the name, he

believes, is in essence a variation on "the single grand theme"—man's birth through woman, and his love and death in the arms of woman. Modern poets have forgotten this, Graves argues, because the male revolt against female supremacy is long since an accomplished fact. The Greeks started the rot by taking the myths of their predecessors, the Pelasgians and others, and changing them from female to male. They gave the manly sun priority over the womanly moon. They made a hero out of a man like Hercules, changing him from a mere lover-victim of the goddess into a lusty seducer of hapless nymphs and a symbol of strength. Socrates and Plato, Graves insists, went so far as to reject the female element completely, injected into Western veins a strong shot of romantic homosexuality that persists to this day. Sardonic "gusts of laughter" shake the goddess' sides, says Graves, when she sees the havoc that has prevailed ever since "the restless and arbitrary male will" usurped "the female sense of orderliness" and loosed upon civilization the sort of ruthless character typified by "Alexander, Pompey and Napoleon."

*Swordsmen of the narrow lips,
Narrow hips and murderous mind . . .*

Great Grizzly. Ironically, Graves is a living symbol of masculine energy and patriarchal virility. Twice married, he is the father of seven children, ranging in age from 36 to 2. At 59, he is still husky, cleaves the air with a great Roman nose which he once broke playing Rugby. He looks and moves like a grizzly bear, is an authority on army obscenity, can boom out many a bawdy, masculine song to his own guitar accompaniment.

In Majorca he rises early, scorns the Spaniards' late meal hours, tucks away hearty platters of no-nonsense, British-style roast lamb, cabbage and potatoes. His energy is such that even though he rewrites even the simplest potboiler five times and a new poem as many as 35, he still finds time to tutor his children, spar with a host of enemy pundits, work for twelve hours at a stretch if he has to. At the moment, Graves has on hand three projects, any one of which would be enough to tax the average writer: a novel about George Sand's love affair with Chopin; a translation of Lucan's *History of the Civil War* (between Caesar and Pompey); a translation of Roman Historian Suetonius' *Twelve Caesars*.

Graves has always distinguished between what he calls "left-handed" poetry (satire) and "creative or curative" poetry, which is always dedicated to the goddess. A good performer with the left hand, Graves is in a class by himself when he writes what most people would call simply "love poems." By now, this "creative" poetry of his has become akin to gospel to his contemporaries—a classic canon so unalterably "fixed" that the changing of a single phrase by Graves himself (which he has just done in the last stanza of the greatest poem of them all, *To Juan at the Winter Solstice*) is likely to arouse as much indignation among his admirers as his rewrit-

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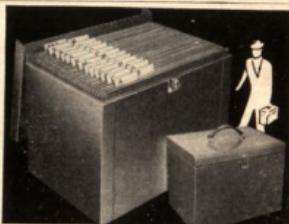
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ing of the Greek myths will arouse among his enemies. No living poet could ask a greater tribute than this—to be denied the right to tamper with his own work, to be ejected by angry idolaters from the precincts of his own temple.

Slipped Disk

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT (304 pp.)—Sloan Wilson—Simon and Schuster (\$3.50).

This is a first novel from the familiar outskirts of suburban discontent where the personalities are sometimes as split-level as the houses. Novelist Sloan Wilson, 35, English instructor at the University of Buffalo, is a small mirror of J. P. Marquand and he has written a kind of *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* in reverse. His hero is a thirtyish young man who rather naively decides that the only way he can achieve inner peace and fiscal happiness is by selling his soul to a large Manhattan corporation, and starts to do so only to find that 1) he is not Faust, and 2) the corporation is not Mephistopheles, Inc.

Tom Rath, the man in the gray flannel suit, is a run-of-the-treadmill commuter who knows that his \$7,000 post with the genteel Schanenauer Foundation makes him, his wife and three children no more than glorified peons on their cash-conscious street in Westport, Conn. His wife Betsy is a blonde charmer with pronounced but somewhat whimsical notions of budgetary discipline ("No more homogenized milk . . . We're going to save two cents a quart and shake the bottle ourselves").

Intriguing Musk. Stirring the nightly quota of martinis, Tom tells Betsy that he is going to try for a public-relations job with United Broadcasting Corp. As he hurdles tricky interviews in the company's Rockefeller Center headquarters, Tom feels that even the brass-colored elevators carry the intriguing musk of big money. The scent is headiest around U.B.C.'s self-effacing but all-powerful \$200,000-a-year president, Ralph Hopkins. It is to Hopkins that Tom is assigned as unofficial braintrust, ghostwriter and aide.

Hopkins sleeps in white silk pajamas, but Tom soon realizes that he is no softie. Behind the manners of a Southern gentleman lurks a mind like a shark's mouth. Hopkins is not only a genius for work but for good works. It is Tom's big chore throughout much of the novel to write a first draft of a Hopkins speech kicking off a national campaign on mental health. Before the speech is finally given, Tom has to take a bumpy ride over his own well-scared mental highway. It is stalked by the ghosts of 1) the men he killed as a wartime paratrooper, 2) the girl he left pregnant in Rome, 3) his suicide father and the depletion of the family estate.

As he begins to master these fears, Tom finds himself worrying less about becoming a corporate flunkie. He even nerves himself to tell Hopkins that he has "serious doubts" about Hopkins' proposed version of the mental-health speech. Far from firing him for his candor, Hopkins



© Philippe Halsman

NOVELIST WILSON
Caught in a split-level world.

respects Tom's honesty and starts to groom him as a top executive.

Nomads of Commuterland. But the pinnacle of success makes Tom dizzy, and he refuses to climb. He tries to explain it all to Betsy: "Why do you think Hopkins is great? Mainly, it's because he never thinks about anything but his work, day and night, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year . . . I like Hopkins—I admire him . . . I wouldn't want to be like him."

As the young man with a slipped disk in the backbone of his ambition, Tom Rath has a certain appeal. Though he strains visibly, Author Wilson never lifts his administrative czar Hopkins off the literary blueprints. As a fable of the "tense and frantic" '50s, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* catches a little of the social transiency of Commuterland, where the richest nomads in the world fold their \$15,000 and \$25,000 tents and move on in the family Buick to more exclusive oases. Unfortunately, too much of the novel verges on upper-middle-class soap opera baited with tune-in-tomorrow-for-the-next-upsetting-episode slickness. Author Wilson has something to say, but his title sums up his book better than his story does.

The Commercials

SPEAK TO THE EARTH (310 pp.)—Max Miller—Appleton-Century-Crofts (\$3.75).

In 1932, *I Cover the Waterfront* established Max Miller in the hearts of large numbers of his fellow citizens as a master of homespun whimsy and matey human-interest stories. Since then, none of his frequent Ernie Pyle-like reports on life's small, hushed heartthrobs has come near matching the simplicity and charm of his first bestseller. *Speak to the Earth*, his 24th book, is a breezy survey of the coun-

The Indian sang his death song



100 YEARS AGO, during a frontier skirmish, an Indian brave, singing his own death song, charged down on a young officer.

Lieutenant George Crook, 4th Infantry, coolly fell to one knee, carefully aimed, and dropped the brave in his tracks.

It was not Crook's first Indian, nor his last. (His right leg already contained a flint arrow-head he was to carry to his grave.) And by the time he made general, Crook was the greatest Indian-fighter this country has ever had.

Yet, he was also one of the best friends the Indians have ever had. For he understood them well, dealt fairly and firmly, and always kept his promises.

When Crook died, Indians wept. And a Sioux chief named Red Cloud said: "He never lied to us. His words gave the people hope."

No nation can ever have enough men like George Crook. But America had, and still has, a lot of them. That's important to remember. Because it is a wealth of human character rather than a wealth of money that gives America its real worth. Just as it is the Americans, all 160 million of them, standing behind our country's Savings Bonds, who make these Bonds one of the world's finest investments.

For your sake—and America's—why not take advantage of this fact? Invest in, and hold, United States Savings Bonds.



* * *

It's actually easy to save money—when you buy United States Series E Savings Bonds through the automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work! You just sign an application at your pay office; after that your saving is done *for* you. And the Bonds you receive will pay you interest at the rate of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish! Sign up today! Or, if you're self-employed, invest in Bonds regularly where you bank.

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How to Get help CA rvice?



by

SB Clayton Sr.
President

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION

I hope you'll pardon the prideful note behind this—but every so often I feel extra good about being a member of NECA. Like now, for example. And here's why.

In our May 23 version of this series we offered a free copy of the National Safety Council's "Safety Rules for Electrical Equipment." Among the many requests we were happy to receive was one from a Mr. B. in a small Ohio town, which came in on May 31. It said, in part:

"Please send me a copy of your 'Safety Rules for Electrical Equipment.' As a business man who uses a number of electric fixtures I want safe operation. I paid an electrician to go over my wiring but I think some of my lines are still overloaded."

"I have coal stokers, air fans, refrigeration compressors, meat saws, grinders and slicers, coffee mills, fluorescent lights, spot lights as well as electric stoves, irons and other household uses. I want information about electric cords, etc."

The request was forwarded immediately to the NECA Chapter Manager for that area, who received it June 3. He answered Mr. B. the very same day—then telephoned the NECA contractor nearest to Mr. B.'s home town.

Still on that same day, the NECA Contractor paid a service call on Mr. B.—an 80-mile round trip!—subjected the wiring system to a thorough check-up, located the trouble (unbalanced circuits) and recommended how to correct it.

I'm sure there are many other small businessmen who have problems mighty similar to Mr. B.'s. How can you avoid it in this day and age of electrical living?

Thing is—you can always depend on a NECA Qualified Contractor for expert advice. If you're not listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, why not drop me a line for the name and address of the one nearest you? National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 King Building, Washington 6, D. C.

try's petroleum industry in his most relentlessly cheerful, small-talk style.

Steering clear of laboratory lingo and anything that looks like a significant statistic, he discovers with delight that scientists got the first crystals of what was to become Dacron by cranking away at an old-fashioned ice-cream freezer filled with an experimental substance. His history of prospecting skims over the hundreds of millions that great companies now spend opening up new oilfields to tell with fond detail how famed Wildcatter "Dad" Joiner brought in East Texas' first gusher in 1930.

Riskproof. This amiable and superficial book is chiefly interesting as an example of a growing phenomenon in U.S. publishing—the "commercial" book written by a well-known author. Miller wrote *Speak to the Earth* in the first place for Du Pont, whose petrochemical division felt that "a new and refreshing book about oil would be of public interest and consequently of benefit to the petroleum industry." The company guaranteed the publishers against loss by arranging to buy 2,100 specially bound copies for distribution to oil executives. Du Pont paid Miller about \$25,000 for a job that took about six months, and also permitted him to sign the usual author's contract with the publishers covering bookstore royalties.

Almost every publishing house now goes in for commercials that are subsidized by a corporation's pledge to buy from 2,000 to 50,000 copies. Publishers generally are careful, however, not to include more than two or three such titles in their annual lists, lest they get a name for subsidized books. Editors explain that such riskproof deals enable them to take longer chances on other worthy books. Authors like company-commissioned books because the large and steady income helps set them up to write other books.

Foolproof. Bob Considine this year wrote a book about the fire-insurance business called *Man Against Fire* for Doubleday's American Industry series. Frank J. Taylor (*Black Bonanza, Southern Pacific*), Robert J. Casey (*The Lackawanna Story, Pioneer Railroad*), and Alec Waugh, whose lively life of Sir Thomas Lipton actually made a tidy profit on bookstore sales alone, are other leading practitioners in the industrial field. The acknowledged master is Pulitzer Prize-winning Biographer Marquis James (*The Raven, Andrew Jackson: Portrait of a President*). His histories of the Bank of America, Metropolitan Life and The Insurance Co. of North America are skillfully told and based on the most exacting historical research.

James, like all the well-known writers who have turned their hand to writing up companies, insists on a completely free hand in his work. Some years ago he undertook to write the life of the founder of W. R. Grace and Co. Because of disagreement between company officials and the author over his interpretations, the book has never been published, but James collected some \$100,000 due him for three years' work.

MISCELLANY

Called Loan. In Merced, Calif., Burton Idas Dunahoo, 42, rented a screw driver for \$1 at a service station, was caught using it to pry open the money box on a soft-drink machine, angrily demanded his money back as police hustled him off to jail.

Con Game. In Salt Lake City, Brigham Krause complained to the embarrassed County Commission that the 700-by-50-ft. piece of tax-delinquent property he had bought for \$100 turned out to be a section of a county roadway.

The Hard Sell. In Waco, Texas, less than two weeks after the Clifton-Simpson, Inc. furniture store advertised a "Sink or Sell" sale, a two-inch downpour caved in the roof, did some \$50,000 damage.

Language of Love. In Milwaukee, Mrs. Jeanne K. Devine explained why she had handed out \$4,000 in worthless checks, using her ex-husband's name: she hoped that he would be lured back to Milwaukee where she could force him to support their child.

The Desperate Hours. In Los Angeles, after he had broken into the South End Poultry Market, Frank Spicker, 30, made himself a jelly sandwich, dropped the jelly, slipped on it, knocked himself out, was found by Manager Joe Bennish and revived by police.

Crime Wave. In Kansas City, Mo., Glenn Bernard Mitchell, 32, was sentenced to 10-10-21 years in prison for walking into the Bon-Ton Beauty Salon, receiving a cold-wave permanent, then stealing \$38 at gunpoint and fleeing without paying for the hair-do.

Shape Up. In Los Angeles, Model Bernice Rye, 30, won a divorce after testifying that Husband Ernest Rye, 41, entertained friends by comparing her figure to photographs of his former wife in shorts or bathing suit.

Battle Plan. In Riccarton, N.Z., burglars broke into a hardware store and stole acetylene gas and oxygen cylinders, broke into another and stole a blowtorch, then broke into a branch of the Bank of New South Wales, cut open the safe, stole \$12,150.

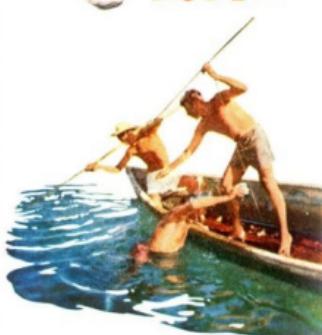
Higher Law. In San Pedro, Calif., after he shot and seriously wounded Robert Gant in a quarrel over a 50¢ debt, Army Sergeant Frederic W. West, 24, explained loftily to police: "I didn't shoot him for the 50¢ he owed me, but for the principle of the thing."

Prescience. In San Antonio, after predicting local thunderstorms, Weather Forecaster Milton Rudd went atop the weather station to check instrument readings, was knocked flat by a bolt of lightning.



Black pearls make this
Mexican oyster bed a

TREASURE TROVE



1 "You work under pressure in more ways than one when you skin dive for pearls off Baja California, in Mexico. Even at 3 fathoms, the pressure on your ears is something fierce. And your lungs feel ready to burst after 40 seconds below," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "If you're lucky, as I was, the Gulf of California pays you well for your efforts."



2 "Black beauty! The pearl that I found, called 'black' though it's actually gun-metal gray, popped the eyes of my Mexican friends. It would fetch a couple of thousand Yankee dollars back home."



3 "A fortune in matched pearls proved that Mexican pearl-diving is profitable. Natives dive as deep as 10 fathoms to snare pearls from the bottom of the Gulf. One lustrous gem satisfied me. For though a necklace may be worth over \$20,000 the diver himself gets little."

5 "When the world is your oyster, you expect to find Canadian Club wherever you go. From my experience, you're seldom disappointed."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.



4 "Hernando Cortez, the Spanish conquistador, landed near here seeking gold. At the Las Cruces Ranch I struck it rich with Canadian Club!"



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“Canadian Club”

6 YEARS OLD
90.4 PROOF

IMPORTED WHISKY · MADE BY HIRAM WALKER

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



Almost everyone appreciates the best



... and the extra-bright refreshment of ice-cold Coke is the perfect answer to thirst.



TASTE its extra-bright tang — so bracing, so distinctive, the liveliest sparkle of them all.

FEEL its extra-bright energy, a fresh little lift that comes through in seconds.

ENJOY its extra-bright *quality* — the unmatched goodness that tells you "there's nothing like a Coke."

For perfect refreshment, it's always—ice-cold Coca-Cola, so pure and wholesome.

The Pause That Refreshes . . . Fifty Million Times a Day